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situencies by the absolute rejection of Bills dealing with fundamental changes in the Constitution.

There is a rumour, which we hope is not true, that our field-artillery is not so well equipped as it ought to be with gas-shells. Of all the infernal instruments which the diabolical science of German chemists has invented, the gas-shell is the most deadly. Why is our artillery not ready to meet the German mustard-shell with a British one? For over a year demands have come from the G.H.Q. for gas-shells, but it is only lately, we are informed, that the factories have begun to supply them. Who is to blame for this? The artillery department of the War Office has been against gas-shells, believing in explosive shells, although the best opinion is now in favour of gas-shells. Has the Munitions Minister no responsibility in this matter? It took us a long time to get machine-guns, so often asked for at the front. How long must we wait for gas-shells?

Ex-Admiral von Tirpitz and his annexationist party are now definitely repudiated by both the Military and the Civil powers in Germany. Admiral von Tirpitz has always declared that Belgium is "the centre of gravity" for Germany, and that its political and economic independence was not to be thought of. Now we are told by Count von Hertling that Belgium is merely held as "a pawn" for negotiation, and that all idea of annexation is abandoned, or was never entertained. Certainly the million Americans have had a wonderful effect.

The trouble in formulating a Russian policy is that there are in Russia at this hour nine governments, and it is difficult to know with which you ought to treat. The only government with any semblance of power at present is that of General Karapodski, who has made himself Hetman of the Ukraine. Skarapodski is a sensible man, a landowner, and neither pro-German nor pro-Entente, but anxious to keep his possessions, and restore order. He has gone to Christiana, perhaps to try to persuade King Hakon to act as peace-maker. There are two governments at Petrograd and two at Moscow, the Kerensky and the Bolshevik one, while in Siberia there are four governments, two independent, and the Kerensky and Bolshevik ones. Here in London the British Government still recognises, we believe, the Kerensky government.

All parties appear to be agreed that the only way of rescuing Russia from the grip of Germany is by the intervention of Japan. We learn on good authority that the Siberian population would welcome a Japanese army, if it was understood that it came as the enemy of Germany. This may be surprising, but the Siberian population, which is wrongly supposed to be illiterate, is perhaps the most intelligent in Great Russia. The explanation of this is that Siberia is largely in the hands of political "colonists," i.e., the political offenders who have been banished for revolutionary opinions. These political convicts, who were what we call "intellectuals," and their children, hold large grants of land in Siberia. In

Our War Notes this week will be found on page 644.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Wimborne, elated by the success of his administration as Viceroy of Ireland, is apparently anxious to appear in the rôle of peacemaker of Europe. With all respect to perhaps the worst Viceroy who ever misgoverned Ireland, it was not probable, or even possible, that Lord Wimborne could have anything to say on the subject of European peace terms that was worth the saying, or could appreciably hasten the end of the war. On the other hand, we know from experience that the peace speeches of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and the Liberal party prolonged the resistance of the Boers in the South African War. The most powerful argument which the German Government applies to its people for the continuance of the war is that a German peace is in sight. To choose, therefore, the middle of a German offensive as an opportunity for discussing terms of peace, and to persist in speaking in defiance of a request from the Foreign Office not to do so, discredits Lord Wimborne's intelligence, to use no harsher term.

Once more the House of Lords is offered the chance of settling its own destiny, and that of the nation. The Parliament Act, carried in the teeth of their bitter objection by the threat of an unlimited creation of peers, will come before their Lordships for amendment, by another extension of the life of the House of Commons. Before the grant of supplies redress of grievances is a constitutional maxim. Before granting the Commons a new lease of life the Lords are entitled to amend the Act by a recovery of some of their constitutional powers. The most important and expedient of these is the restoration of the absolute veto in cases of grave Constitutional interest, such as affect the Monarchy, the Church, the parliamentary union, and the rights of property, in short, the Lansdowne amendment of 1911. The House of Lords ought to have the power of forcing an appeal to the con-

addition to these colonists, there are bands of Czechoslovaks, liberated prisoners of war, who are only too anxious to fight against the Germans.

With these materials it ought to be possible to get together a very formidable force in Siberia for the capture of Petrograd and Moscow. But what is to be done with Russia when you have rescued it from Germany and torn up the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk? The Russians have not arrived at that stage of development which fits a people for self-government: to give them republican institutions now would be as dangerous as to give Home Rule to India. A strong central government with a figure-head Constitutional Tsar is the best polity for Russia, until the people have been educated. The anarchists in this country of course don't want that: and amiable doctrinaires prate about self-determination. But the people of this country have no idea of what has been done and is still doing by the Russian Bolsheviks. Forty thousand officers have been massacred by their troops, and murder and robbery go on daily in Petrograd and Moscow.

On the 14th May last, in answer to a question, Mr. Bonar Law announced that all commercial treaties containing most-favoured-nation clauses would be or had been denounced. It now appears from the answers given by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Law to Captain George Lloyd that this is not so; that no such treaties have been denounced, and that the whole matter is still under the consideration of the Cabinet. Mr. Balfour referred Captain Lloyd to the answer given by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the 24th June: but that answer is a mere vague assurance that the matter was being considered, and that a statement would shortly be made. Considering the importance of the subject, some clear policy ought to be adopted, whether yea or nay.

In the East Finsbury election, Mr. H. E. A. Cotton, the Government candidate, polled 1,156 votes, "Captain" Spencer (the Billing candidate) 576, and Mr. Belsher (Independent) 199. This is very satisfactory, and shows that in an East End constituency, which might be supposed at this time to be peculiarly susceptible to sensational politics, the large majority of electors are not to be won by rowdiness, or vague and violent personalities. It will take better men than Mr. Billing or "Captain" Spencer to convince the voters of the Metropolis that the Government of this country is filled with spies, traitors, and imbeciles. The election, of course, was taken on the old register, and may or may not be an indication of how the country will vote at the general election with sixteen million voters. Mr. Justice Darling elicited the fact at the trial that "Captain" Spencer is an American citizen by birth; so that, unless he has been naturalized he could not have taken his seat if he had been elected.

One inference which may be legitimately drawn from the East Finsbury election is that Mr. Havelock Wilson's Labour party, with its policy of six years' boycott of the Central Empires does not command any considerable support in the metropolis, whatever it may do in the seaport towns. There are now three Labour parties, that led by Mr. Arthur Henderson, that led by Mr. Havelock Wilson, and a third led by Mr. Hodge. The party of Mr. Hodge, which includes Mr. Barnes, Mr. Roberts, and most of the Labour members in office, represents the old Trade Unionist party, and steers a middle course between the Internationalism of Mr. Henderson and the Protectionism of Mr. Havelock Wilson. What is the attitude of the Conservative party and its leaders towards these three Labour parties? There is talk of a General Election in November: there must certainly be one in January or February. Is the Conservative party prepared for that event with any declaration of principles or policy? Or is it to be merely and meekly harnessed to the chariot of the Government?

Some of the articles in the papers and some of the speeches in Parliament and Trafalgar Square on the

aliens question differ only in degree from the speeches and newspaper articles that ushered in the Reign of Terror in Paris. We do not suppose that the Billings and Crofts and Hickses and Butchers and Beresfords have the least wish or intention to shed a drop of anyone's blood. But then neither had the men who started the French Revolution, the Lafayettes, Mirabeaus, and Condorcets. The danger is that when you appeal to the pavement and the press, you will be answered by the weapons of the pavement and the press. The meeting in Trafalgar Square was presumably called to discuss the question of interning aliens: but when Sir Edward Pryce-Jones, M.P. ventured to say that the Government measure was right, he was greeted with threats, oaths and sticks. This is free discussion!

How is it that in revolutionary times provincial mayors and village attorneys always come to the front? Several provincial mayors have distinguished themselves by their violent language, but perhaps none so much as he who on Saturday professed to substitute "inter" for "intern." In the patriotic days in Paris no man could greet his neighbour, or say his prayers, or dress his hair, without committing a crime: spies lurked in every corner; it was death to be great-niece of a captain of the royal guard, or half-brother of a doctor of the Sorbonne; to hint that the English had won a victory; or to be found with a copy of one of Burke's pamphlets in one's desk. A poet was seized by the mob: "but I am the translator of Juvenal!" "Who's Juvenal? An aristocrat—to the lamp post!" Are we so very far off that state of things to-day?

The truth is that the lower classes hate all foreigners of every country, and if the decision of the Government had been to intern or "inter" all foreigners, French, Italian and Spanish, it would have been greeted with rapturous applause in Trafalgar Square. We heard a fellow answer a French girl, who asked him in broken English to buy a flag on France's day: "not a halfpenny! I hate all you cursed foreigners." Mr. Lloyd George gave a curiously cynical description of the Press in relation to agitation. The pressmen have their ears to the ground, and they have "a sort of instinct for what is good copy." But he added, with a confused reminiscence of Hotspur and Glendower, "they cannot call spirits from the vasty deep if the spirits are not there." Quite true: but the "spirits" are the most violent and ignorant members of the community; and the "vasty deep" is that abyss of anarchy which yawns beneath every civilised society. The Press has called, and the spirits have come.

In the committee of the House of Commons to amend the Naturalisation Act, many sound and necessary alterations in the law were carried. Two announcements of great importance were made. The Home Office authorities have decided that no naturalisation certificates shall be issued to Germans for five years after the war. Mr. Cecil Harmsworth—there appears to our surprise to be one untitled member of this family—carried an amendment which kills the mischievous principle of dual nationality. Certificates will be revoked in the case of persons who remain citizens of a State at war against His Majesty that does not regard naturalisation within the British Empire as extinguishing their original national status. Presumably this means that no such certificates will be issued.

It is striking evidence of the carelessness and ignorance with which Parliament legislates on important subjects, that apparently it was unknown to our lawmakers that Germany has never recognised naturalisation in a foreign State as cancelling the national status of German citizens. But in January, 1914, the Germans passed the Delbrück law, by which a German citizen who naturalised himself in a foreign country without the consent of the German Government forfeited his German nationality, by way of punishment. In forfeiting certificates, therefore, the Home Secretary will be obliged to ascertain how many Germans acquired British nationality without the consent of the

German Government in the six months between January and August, 1914. In ignorance of all these facts, Parliament passed a new Naturalisation Act in 1914. The oath of allegiance must be so framed as to compel a naturalised Briton to renounce all other nationality.

With Lord Willoughby de Broke's desire to see a Ministry of Health established with as little delay as possible, all must sympathise. But worse than delay are the muddle and inefficiency and hardship that flow inevitably from hasty and inconsiderate concentration. There are at present four big Departments, each concerned with the administration of laws affecting the health of the public. The Local Government Board controls and assists the functions of the Poor Law guardians, duties admirably performed, but which are now apparently to be transferred to county and borough councils. The Home Office is responsible for the execution of the health-regulations in factories, mines, and workshops. The Education Office looks after the health of children in schools: and the National Insurance Commissioners carry out the provisions for medical attendance and relief to the masses who come within the purview of the Insurance Act. To gather up all these functions under one Minister requires the nicest and most difficult adjustment, and the Government are right not to be hurried by "stunts" or stunters.

Dr. Addison, if possessed of no constructive or original ability of his own, is surrounded by a crowd of Socialists who steadily push their plans under his protection, and take advantage of the absorption of the chiefs in the war to get all kinds of schemes officially accepted without examination. For instance, it is proposed to abolish the Poor Law guardians: indeed, the words "poor law" are to be deleted from the political vocabulary as insulting to democracy, and the term "public assistance" (borrowed from the French) substituted. The duties of the poor law guardians are, it is assumed, to be handed over to the County Councils. The British Constitution Association, at a meeting of its committee with Lord Parmoor in the chair, passed a resolution to the effect that the transference of the work of the guardians to local authorities, already overburdened with public duties, and therefore unable to give the minute and personal attention which proper administration involves, is contrary to public interest, and would result in hardship to the poor and increased expenditure. We think so indeed.

The Register of new voters is gradually emerging from the hands of the Borough and County Council clerks. Bit by bit we get glimpses of the gulf into which the Speaker and Mr. Long have so lightly plunged the country. At the time the Franchise Bill was passing, we were officially and frequently assured that the electorate would not be more than doubled: from figures before us it is almost certain that the electorate will be trebled, and will be raised from eight million to twenty-four million voters. The Peckham division of Camberwell is a typical South London constituency. By the last register (1913) there were 12,000 voters. By the redistribution clauses a slice has been cut off Peckham and formed into a new division. The new register of the truncated Peckham shows 34,000 electors, who, we are told will ultimately be 36,000.

Of the 22 or 24,000 new voters, 14,000 are women and 6,000 are soldiers and sailors, who are abroad, and can therefore only be reached by voting-papers and leaflets. Taking Peckham as a fairly typical urban Constituency, what a prospect does this open out for the next election! Sixteen million new voters, of whom far the largest proportion will be women, and the rest soldiers and sailors abroad, of whom a very large proportion will be boys, either under age, or between 20 and 25, offer a dangerous field for the exploits of party wirepullers. It is physically impossible for a candidate to canvass or even to see and be

seen or heard by 34,000 voters. The whole canvass will therefore fall into the hands of agents of the various parties, without any personal check from the candidate. What lies will be told, and what libels circulated, without any possibility of bringing the utterers to book!

Sir Edward Carson and Lord Londonderry addressed the newly formed Ulster Unionist Labour Association last week, and surely if any town in the three kingdoms is entitled to a Labour representation it is Belfast. Sir Edward Carson advised the Labour Members for Belfast to join the Labour Party in the House of Commons: he did not, however, specify which Labour Party, and there will be at least two after the war. Lord Londonderry was perhaps on surer ground when he said there was nothing between the Union and Separation. We see by the illustrated papers that Sir Edward Carson was presented with a blackthorn cudgel, what Parnell used to call "a switch." Stella said that Dean Swift could be eloquent about a broomstick. Sir Edward Carson is not reported as having anything ready to say about a blackthorn.

The signing of an agreement at the Hague for the exchange of British and German prisoners, and for the better treatment of British prisoners in Germany is an achievement on which our delegates, Sir George Cave, Lord Newton, Colonel Belfield, and Mrs. Livingston, are to be congratulated. But the agreement requires ratification by the German Government, who, it is to be feared, may use it as another "pawn." Then there is the difficulty of providing transport by rail and ships for so large a number of prisoners. With regard to civilian prisoners (i.e., interned), there are 21,000 Germans in our custody as against 4,000 British in Germany. Characteristically, the Germans proposed that we should give 21,000 for 4,000: but though this was not accepted, we learn that the numerical balance is in Germany's favour, and that all the Rühleben victims will be returned.

For military prisoners, which includes privates as well as N.C.O.'s and officers, the basis is a head per head exchange for all who have been 18 months in durance, and repatriation will be substituted for internment in a neutral country. This is a great improvement, as the Dutch, with the best will in the world, cannot feed our interned satisfactorily, for there is not enough food in Holland to go round. The German delegates requested that their submarine commanders should be picked out and returned to them, which was a tolerably cool proposition, and, of course, not accepted. They (the German delegates) also denied the truth of the statements about the ill-treatment of British prisoners. Altogether, it must have required all the tact of the Dutch chairman, Baron von Vredenburg to arrive at anything like a satisfactory conclusion.

The doctors, Mr. Harry Furniss, and certain benevolent ladies, have discovered that sneezing is an excellent thing. It expels "flue," and gets rid of adenoids in children, on some of whom experiments have been made with a pungent orris dust. In blowing the nose, however, care must be taken to pinch, not the nostrils, but the bridge of the nose. Mr. Furniss suggests a revival of the not very cleanly habit of snuff-taking. In old days the snuff-box was as important a weapon in conversation for men as the fan was for women. Gibbon used to point his mellifluous sentences by tapping the lid of his snuff-box. The last prominent man we remember as a snuff-taker was Sir Charles Russell (Lord Killowen). Often have we seen the great advocate pause in the middle of some crushing cross-examination or impassioned harangue to the jury to take a pinch from the proffered box of some humble admirer in the Court. Snuffing, however, is not cleanly. A snuffy philosopher, who invariably opened an argument with Bentham by unfolding his handkerchief, was always met with, "Doctor, pray put up that flag of abomination."

WAR NOTES.

A heavy, and, it is now certain, very expensive disappointment has attended the latest phase of the German offensive. Neither as to place nor as to time was the movement a surprise for the Allies. It was certain that assaults would take place as soon as preparations for movement in mass had been completed. And last week-end was emphatically the period of that completion. If the assault was delayed until the early hours of Monday it was doubtless because delay may be as effective from the standpoint of surprise as precipitancy, and the enemy assuredly desired to exploit the advantage of surprise.

His movement, it must be admitted, was well planned. He wasted no force in a direct attack on Rheims, but economised his resources rigidly. And from his own point of view he applied them effectively. The main assault was that east of Rheims, for an advance there, forcing the French to evacuate the ridges, and thrusting them back upon an expanse of open country not easy to defend, would both have the most marked military consequences and have lent itself to assumed superiority in the power of rapid movement. But this main attack was accompanied by a movement across the Marne, which though in a military sense secondary, might be reckoned upon as a first-class "psychological" effect, and, in fact, it to a certain extent produced that effect.

East of Rheims, where the attack appears to have been delivered with twenty-five divisions—fifteen in line and ten in reserve—it started badly. There being no surprise, the French batteries opened upon the enemy's points of assembly as soon as and even before his bombardment began. The German forces were disposed into three main columns, one of which was thrown towards Prunay, the second along the course of the Suippes, and to the west of the river, the third along the main road from Somme-Py to Souain. The French fell back from the Moronvillers massif, in the circumstances a prudent move, but fell back in good order, and on to already prepared battle positions just north of the Roman road from Rheims to St. Hilaire le Grand. There the enemy found himself checked. On the following day, having now engaged his reserves, he attempted to debouch from Prunay across the valley of the Vesle and seize Beaumont, and failed. He failed likewise in his renewed attacks farther east.

On the Marne the Germans succeeded in crossing between Fossoy and Jaulgonne, the bend of the river favouring their movement, but the resistance of the American troops here proved vigorous. Ground gained in the first impetus of the movement was lost, and the enemy on his right driven back upon the waterway. On his left he made good his footing, and during the second day of the battle attempted to push up the Marne valley towards Epernay. His advance, however, was slow, and hampered by heavy counter-attacks upon his right rear. North of the Marne also he had made little appreciable progress. The forces he employed were of about the same strength as those engaged east of Rheims, but those on the latter sector appear to have included the best shock divisions.

On both parts of the line of battle the German losses were without question exceptionally heavy. The contrast between German expectations and the very limited results is on that point conclusive. Nor are the limited results and their excessive cost in the least surprising. The weight of German troops engaged was not greater than that of the Allied forces available to resist them. They were not tactically of higher value than the French, nor, as it has proved, than the Americans. The action shows that the power of the enemy has in truth relatively declined, and is declining.

IMPERIALISM OR INTERNATIONALISM?

WHILE millions of armed men are confronting one another on the marches of France and Italy, there is going on, both in this country and in Europe, an intellectual struggle between two opposing schools of politics, of which the decision is quite as important for the future of mankind as the military event. These opposing schools may be distinguished as the Imperialist and the International, and they are fighting their battle, not in Parliament, but in the Press and on the platform. As protagonists of Imperialism we may take Mr. Bottomley and Mr. Hughes, backed in the ranks of Labour by Mr. Havelock Wilson, Mr. Ben Tillett, and others. The leader of the Internationalists is Mr. Arthur Henderson, supported by a powerful group of "intellectuals," the Sidney Webbs, the Fabians, Mr. Lowes Dickinson and the Union of Democratic Control, an organization whose influence with the rising generation from the Universities and public schools it would be foolish to ignore. The U. D. C. is at the moment under a cloud; its connection with Mr. E. D. Morel has done it harm; but one has only to read the letters of a young Cantab. like the late Mr. Archibald Don (whose "Life" we review in another column) to realise how deeply the men who join "Missions" in the poor quarters of the large towns, and who are the intellectual life of Oxford and Cambridge, are imbued with the views of international socialism.

Imperialism and Internationalism are at opposite poles of thought. Mr. Bottomley—whose clarity of expression and courage gain nothing by being labelled "powerful" in the columns of our contemporary—writes in the *Sunday Pictorial*: "We are learning to think Imperially at last. We now speak not merely of territorial allegiance, but of the communion of souls"—a touch of mysticism that! "Empire connotes not simply a political system, but a bond of blood"; and then, after deriding the worship of "cheapness" by the orthodox economists of the Free Trade school, the writer proceeds to plump for his friend Mr. Hughes. The Australian statesman shares with Mr. Bottomley the gift of clear phrasing: there is never any doubt about his meaning. Mr. Hughes is in favour of an extreme boycott of central European goods and ideas, and a British Empire, self-supporting, and protected by a high wall of tariffs against the rest of the world. This is practically Mr. Chamberlain's ideal, a little stretched and refurbished with a coat of war-paint. The bond of blood is to be a bond of trade: we have a clear picture of an empire within a barbed-wire fence, sandbagged against the intrusion of a foreign idea or a foreign bale of goods.

Now let us turn to Mr. Arthur Henderson and his party. Mr. Henderson has issued a manifesto, called the Allied Labour Memorandum, which he has taken care should reach the Bulgarian Socialists, the Hungarian workers, the Austrian Socialists, the German Minority and the German Majority Socialists, while he has previously, we believe, addressed the Socialists in Russia and Sweden. Last Saturday at Northampton, Mr. Henderson announced that he had received replies from the Bulgarian, Hungarian, Austrian, and German Socialists (both Majority and Minority) "accepting practically all the general principles of the Inter-allied Memorandum." What are those principles? The German Majority Socialists, who may be taken as the least friendly of the groups, are prepared to discuss everything, Belgium, Alsace-Lorraine, the self-determination of subject races, by international conferences or "conversations" in a friendly spirit. They declare that "the establishment of a League of Nations is necessary in order to prevent aggression by one Power upon another, and for the purpose of destroying Imperialism." Such is the account given by Mr. Henderson, with approval, of the views of the German Majority Socialists. Mr. Henderson went on to declare that "after four years of effort both sides must recognize that they were neither victors nor vanquished. The latest deliverance by Count Hertling had shown that the question of

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peace by agreement could not be ignored. . . . They proved that international conversation between the representatives of the working classes in the Central Empires and the Allied countries was not only possible but necessary. It would show them (the peoples of the Central Empires) that the Allies did not pursue a policy of political extermination against the Central Empires or seek to isolate them and crush their economic life." This, it must be confessed, is very different language from the trumpet tones of Messrs. Hughes and Bottomley, from the speeches of the "National Party," and from articles in certain organs of the Press.

Here you have a clear cleavage of thought and policies: on the one hand universal boycott: on the other universal brotherhood; on one side "cut out the German Cancer"; on the other, friendly conversations with the Socialists of the Central Empires. Which of these two schools of policy, Imperialism or Internationalism, represents the ideas of the majority of the British nation? Probably neither; for between these two extremes of boycott and brotherhood there wander, as always, the vast mass of indeterminate human beings, who have no very clear ideas on any subject, and who love to dwell in an intellectual twilight, where it is safer to say that two and two do not make five than to assert that two and two make four. In this No-Man's-Land between opponents will be found meandering the old Liberal party, with Mr. Asquith as its shepherd, announcing its determination to stick to Free Trade, which is quite incompatible with the clear-cut exclusiveness of Messrs. Hughes and Bottomley. There is, we suppose and hope, a Conservative party, though we do not know the name of its leaders, or its programme. There are at least two Labour parties, and there will be a feminist party, and a pensioners' party, and probably others. Who will win in this welter of parties? We do not know, but judging by the past history of revolutions, the loudest and most extreme faction will seize the helm, for a short time at all events. We who do not believe in extreme views of any kind can only hope that the common sense and long political experience of the British people will enable them to choose something from Imperialism and something from Internationalism, and so avoid the catastrophe that will inevitably punish a policy of universal boycott or universal brotherhood. Violence, hatred, and distrust are no sure foundations on which to build a national policy; neither are credulity, flatulent phrases, vague theories, and the obliteration of old race marks. The struggle between the extremists will be fierce: but between them the greater crowd of sane and moderate men may slip in and save the country from a war of tariffs or from Bolshevism without bloodshed.

INVENTORS AND THE WAR OFFICE.

THE position of inventors with regard to any ideas they may have for improving military munitions is one that can only be properly understood by examining the question in detail. As a rule one hears more of the case against than for the Government, or rather those of its departments which are charged with the duty of considering novel suggestions or are constantly seeking remedies for the technical difficulties daily arising. If the Government would in this particular case relax the rule of not defending itself against attacks, the inventor would benefit considerably from the guidance and help resulting. Some inventors, or would-be inventors, might as a result abandon their efforts, recognising that they possess neither the special knowledge necessary for producing a useful result nor the facilities requisite for giving perfect form to their ideas. Inventors possessing the genius of originality and the patience that overcomes obstacles would by a similar process be better guided on the difficult path they have elected to travel. The human element comes in at this stage. Self-knowledge is denied to the man who believes himself a born inventor but who in reality

is unpossessed of the gifts which enable him to make useful contributions. Dismal failure dogs the footsteps of such persons, but, never realising where the deficiency exists, they blame the system which has pronounced the inevitable verdict.

Inventors belong to two classes—amateur and professional. True inventive power exists in a proportion of all humanity. The amateur enjoys the advantage of keenness, but, unless self-taught, lacks professional skill. The professional has been trained as a chemist, a physicist or a mechanic, or even a mixture of all these. His daily work brings him into touch with difficulties for which as yet no satisfactory remedy has been discovered, and he is, moreover, familiar with most of the solutions attempted in the past. The odds are clearly in favour of the professional, and he adds to them the power to develop his ideas as part of his paid-for daily work. If natural genius accompanies professional knowledge and opportunity the amateur of equal natural ability is greatly handicapped by comparison. History nevertheless records many instances where the dogged striving of the amateur has enabled him to overcome all obstacles and in time to set the pace to professionals. The instances are not as numerous as would appear from superficial examination, because in many of those most often quoted early training or some other qualification has implanted a certain basis of professional grip. The supreme advantage of the amateur is that he cannot appreciate the difficulties of his self-set task. Over them he rides rough-shod, and gets there, to the surprise of those in whom knowledge has bred a certain measure of timidity. Professional conservatism is apt to accept obstacles in the same spirit that a cow will treat a fence through which it could easily push its way.

From the professional point of view, amateurs are a nuisance, and no doubt the majority are not worthy of the attention they claim as a right. The Munitions Inventions Board was created early in the war quite as much with the object of protecting busy departments from time-wasting proposers of crude ideas as for the purpose of sorting out the occasional brilliant inspiration. So many inventors had ideas for ending the war quickly, and they were supported so vigorously in the Press, that no less concession than the creation of a department to consider all ideas by whomsoever presented was resolved upon. The existence of such a department enabled the already organised experimental departments in our Government and private factories to pursue unmolested their own investigations, utilising in the process the services of those outsiders whose competence was beyond question. The Munitions Inventions Department thus became a sort of dustbin into which all surplus talent was thrown. Its officials did their work well. They set up experimental plant, and pursued investigations based on the more promising of the ideas submitted. They, moreover, acquired an encyclopædic knowledge of all existing devices and were able to tell each inventor how his scheme stood in relation to current developments. The Department's help was not sought to any great extent for investigations of real moment. In fact, it had to work in the dark so far as officially given help or suggestion was concerned. If it really arrived at something it considered useful the only practical means of getting it adopted would be to pull the strings in such a way that General Headquarters would demand the particular thing it had ready. The Munitions Inventions Department has done good work within the restricted sphere provided, but its output, whether resulting from the efforts of its officials or of outside inventors, bears a very small proportion to that of the manufacturing branches.

Though research on war problems has made much progress during the past twenty or more years, there is still much to be done before theory becomes practical and practice is guided by sound theory. The laboratories are too little in touch with the manufacturing departments, and the factories on their side run too much on their own. As a result the experiments conducted by the trained laboratory staff are too little guided by knowledge of factory routine and factory

methods. The gap is haltingly filled by factories conducting experiments, but these suffer from want of supervision by trained scientists. Throughout industry the factory tends to distrust science, the pleasing exceptions only occurring where discerning management gives to the scientific staff full access to, and supervision over, practical work. Where that co-ordination is lacking the scientific experimentalist is kept by the producer in the state of ignorance which justifies the producer's sneers at mere theory. Our war departments have not yet fully bridged the gap. Hence there are few properly organised experimental stations competent to receive and deal with outside suggestions.

Inventors very naturally withhold their ideas as long as they remain unconvinced that they will receive fair treatment. They, on their side, need educating into a state of understanding with regard to the difference between a more or less crude, or at any rate untried, idea and the finished successful result. Very often the submitter of an idea starts a notion working in the mind of a professional expert, who, developing along lines suggested by his own wide experience, produces something with but little resemblance to the early germ. The inventor cannot, except in very few cases, be personally associated with the experiments which result from his suggestion. He may, of course, be present when his own crudely-made model is tried, but he has no after-knowledge of the rival production which it may have stimulated. Duly appointed examiners of ideas derive their inspirations from many sources; hence, when the ultimate model is produced the inventor has a very poor case to put forward. There would be no grievance in this routine if a very liberal policy were adopted with regard to crude suggestions containing the germs of final success; but, unhappily the opposite is the case.

For many years our war department has made a practice—in fact, a principle—of depriving inventors of the fruits of their industry. The favourite plan when a new model is wanted is to invite submissions, such submissions to be accompanied with a list of the patented details. If six competing models are sent in the department concerned will bring its own knowledge up to date by examining them all. It will then construct its own model, steering clear as far as possible of patented details but introducing gratuitous novelties calculated to form the subject of a patent by the employee who has the work in hand. The delays incidental to experiments and the deliberations of committees afford ample time for the production of the official model, and this, though a late arrival and one which has been evolved under conditions of peculiar advantage, is set up on equal terms of competition with the others. Contractors have no objection to being fleeced in this manner, for orders are the sole object they have in mind. But for the poor inventor it spells disappointment and oftentimes financial disaster. To see the War Office hunting around for anticipations for a patented device it feels compelled to adopt is not exactly an inspiring sight.

The above is the traditional policy of the War Office, and although exceptional instances could be quoted they are not plentiful enough to constitute a new fashion, nor to prove that the leopard has changed its spots. It is still a very open question whether invention is not, after all, best conducted in experimental departments set aside for that purpose. The deviser of real genius would then be provided with the facilities and knowledge the lack of which renders so many of his present efforts futile. Such departments should not close the door to outside suggestions, for some of the best would still come from persons in civilian occupation having a wider range of knowledge than can be gained by those dealing in the main with stereotyped official models. Hence, the setting up of proper research organisations in connection with each field of production should by right be accompanied by a change of sentiment as regards the treatment to be accorded to the outside inventor. Professionals need contact with such, but the relationship should no longer be that of the wolf and the lamb. Difficult cases for

adjudication would always occur, for the original idea would constantly be improved out of existence. That is the inevitable course of many genuine inventions. The question of the moment is whether the inventor shall be given the benefit of the doubt, or whether he shall continue to be treated as a subject for plunder. He is received as the nuisance (which the majority of his kind must be admitted to be), but the fight continues after he has proved himself a benefactor.

MONUMENTS AND BURIALS.

"Let's talk of Graves, of Worms, and Epitaphs."

—RICHARD II.

BURIAL, like Time, antiquates antiquity, and Moses from his resting-place on Pisgah gazes across the ages towards him who sleeps on the Matoppe Hills. Who would remember Mausolus of Caria, save as a footnote to history, but for his burial in a World's Wonder that handed down his name, and a new word, to the nations? Gone is the Mausoleum of Augustus, the tomb of Caesar's race on the threshold of immortality; but standing yet that Castle of St. Angelo, by turns the tomb of Hadrian, the fortress of the Popes, and the prison of their enemies, to point the lesson of the wild enormities of ancient magnanimity, as Sir Thomas Browne has it, and to end the last exalted sentence of his *Hydriotaphia*. A sweet ambition it was, a noble gratitude, which prompted the "ancient odd inscription, whose whimsical mixture of devotion and romanticness" appealed to Horace Walpole. "Pray for the soul of Sir Thomas Wortley, Knight of the body to the Kings Edward IV, Richard III, Henry VII, Henry VIII, whose faults God pardon. He caused a lodge to be built on this crag to hear the harts bell [the stags roar], in the year of our Lord 1510." Think of it, set there in the wilds of Wharfedale, in a place "tumbled with fragments of mountains, that look ready laid for building the world," and say, if you can, that our Norfolk Walpole, that "garrulous Brantôme," had not a poet's soul.

A monument was once a simple record, whether you lay far from your native land, like Sir John Hawkwood at Florence—Acuto, Dante calls him, and, soldier of fortune as he was, he never sold his sword the wrong way—or whether, like Chaucer, forestalling the ambition of his fellow county-man Nelson, you attained both your victory and your Westminster Abbey. But the Renaissance, like Keats, was half in love with Death. Man had become desperately mortal. The effigy of the mouldering corpse became a chosen type; so too the death's head cherub up-borne on bat-like wings; Time and the scythe; the hour-glass and the skeleton. Not for nothing did Donne, the very essence of the English Renaissance in his love of the macabre, design and live with his own effigy wrapped in its winding sheet, the type of mortality become immortal, since it is almost the only relic of old St. Paul's to survive the fire of 1666. Ben Jonson, sturdy to the last, was buried in Poets' Corner, "bolt upright in the sand," as he wished, and as the Clerk of the Works saw his leg bones in 1849, in that "two foot by two" which, the story says, was all that the dramatist would claim from the Dean who offered him an Abbey burial. Turn to his neighbour Spenser, and read the epitaph upon "the Prince of Poets in his tyme, whose divine spirit needs noe other wnesse than the workes which he left behind him." Donne, the poet of mortality, Spenser, the poet of chivalry—each is commemorated in the spirit which befits him; even thus the ashes of Wycliffe bore witness to his faith, as the rivers of England swept them to the sea, in accordance with his desire. And it was before the Tomb of Washington that America, by the words of her President, vowed, but a few days ago, to break the tyranny of Germany.

"Braggart heathen monuments," says Thackeray, in *Vanity Fair*, of those erected during the Napoleonic Wars. Perhaps. Yet surely it is an honourable feature in the history of the nation that we were willing to allot large sums for the best sculpture of the day in

memory of the dead—cenotaphs, too often, to those lost at sea, though sailors may, as we have lately seen, desire to lie beneath the waves they loved and in the seas they ruled. It was the taste of the Victorian critic, demoralised by the Gothic Revival, to allow these "braggart monuments" no merit as works of art; it was a consequence of that taste that certain monuments in Westminster Abbey were removed to the Triforium. Spoiling the Abbey, indeed! Why, many of these monuments are precious records of an age when sculpture was held in honour, and to remove them because they are "unsuitable" is to destroy history in a search for valueless uniformity. Mediæval artists were not so squeamish. If an older arch or tomb were in their way, out it went, and they put something they liked better in its place. That is not the method of ecclesiastical purists. These monuments are late, say they; away with the evil thing, and let us at least enjoy our Gothic unperplexed by eighteenth-century intrusions. And the result? Vulgarly. Sculpture has perished from our monumental art. A stone-mason's column bought by the dozen, less 5% for cash; a simpering angel with its poulterer's wings and draper's nightgown; a "busy," meaningless mosaic; a gaudy brass, lacquered, or enamelled, like a gin-palace menu frame, are all we have to offer; are they better than the work of Banks, Wilton and Roubillac? It is not so in France or Italy, not so even in America. England is the poorer for this legacy of Ruskinism; full-mouthed Ruskin is not, and never was, all we used to think him. We do not complain of the recumbent figures of the 16th and 17th centuries. Daring use of colour, sincerities of dress, in which nothing was blinked or generalised, were then understood and valued. Their successors, the allegorical figures and weeping cherubs which gave so much offence, are not less sincere than the realisms of mediæval tombs because they, like them, express the spirit of their own age; that spirit happened to run to personifications, whether in literature or art; any other form therefore would have been deliberate insincerity, an unpardonable sin. You may prefer one age to another; but you must not blame any age for expressing itself in its own way.

The Vicar of Wakefield wrote his wife's epitaph, and kept it on the mantelpiece. It must have been much more satisfactory to choose, like Kneller, the sculptor of your Abbey monument, and to know that Pope would write your epitaph. Poor Kneller, Posterity has ceased to look for you among the Immortals, and prefers the Burleigh monument a few steps away. See the old statesman kneeling above the effigies of wife, mother and children; read the record of their charities; and judge whether Burleigh were unworthy to be First Minister of Elizabethan England. One other epitaph, and we have done with Westminster. "Here lies Henry Purcell, Esq., who has left this life and gone to that blessed place where only his harmony could be exceeded." Where is this gift of phrase now, this art of words, comparable only with that other sepulchral art which is the tenderest glory of dead Athens? They are gone with the hand which adorned the tomb, outside the church of Old Shoreham, with honeysuckle pattern, copied from the Erechtheum.

What pride in his craft caused William Liberty, brickmaker of Chorley Wood, to order a brick tomb beside a lonely Buckinghamshire foot-path? It was by his own confession the fear of evil spirits that made Mr. Backhouse, Captain in the Honourable East India Company's Service, insist on "burial in my own wood on the hill, and my sword with me"; just as it was a selfless patriotism, an impersonal dignity, that inspired a nineteenth-century baronet to have his body buried coffinless in his own park, to live again in acorns sown upon his grave, "that after my death my body may not be entirely useless, but serve to rear a good English oak." Swift's patron, Sir William Temple, garden-lover, bade them bury his heart near a sundial in his garden, "over against a window from whence he used to contemplate and admire the works of God, after he had retired from earthly business."

Think of Poe's coffin bell in Stoke Newington churchyard, put there for the "dead" to call for help if prematurely buried. Think of that strange sight at Pinner, a coffin projecting gargoyle-like from the Church tower, like Mahomet's suspended between heaven and earth, and all for fear of mother earth lying hard upon it. Think of the Shepherd of the Chilterns, who begged that his body might be laid under the turf he loved and near his sheep. Contrast this hallowed ground with Muschat's Cairn and its curse, told of in 'The Heart of Midlothian,' that haunted burying-place where Jeanie Deans met the author of her sister's wrong, and feel how wickedness can defile, as surely as goodness consecrate, a grave. Think, again, of that will of the Reverend Langton Freeman of Whilton, dated September 16th, 1783, who wished to have the bed in which he died carried into his summer-house, with himself wrapped in a double winding sheet, "to be interred as near as may be to the description we receive in Holy Scripture of our Saviour's burial." It was done; the evergreens he desired were planted about the summer-house; and his body, by some mysterious agency, for it was not embalmed, remained whole and uncorrupt when seen in the fifties of last century. Think of that bewildering mausoleum on a spur of the Chilterns which holds Wilkes' friend, the Prior of Medmenham, the ignoble Sir Francis Dashwood, Baron le Despencer, close to the church he built—one wonders what Bishop dared to consecrate it, with its arm-chairs, cupboards, chests of drawers, and sundial daringly inscribed, "Keep thy tongue from evil-speaking, lying and slandering." The mausoleum, to the east of the church, is hexagonal and roofless as at first, with niches for sepulchral urns; and in it lies the architect of both. He "built this church for show and not for prayer," said the satirist Churchill, who, in biting verse, told the truth even of his friends' friends. He might well say so, since Dashwood was then engaged in excavating another Medmenham half-a-mile off down the hill—a series of caves, that is, their entrance screened from sight, ending in a central hall lighted by a chandelier to be reached only by a boat across the Styx, as the Monks of Medmenham called the pool that severed it from the arcades that led to it. A church and mausoleum, and close by a meeting-place for the vilest profanity! "Mortality, behold and fear," were better said of West Wycombe than of Westminster.

It was a finer thought that made Sir Francis Bourgeois set his mausoleum, and his friend Desenfans', among the pictures they had collected, that every visitor to the Dulwich Gallery might see it, and seeing, might remember them. Like the Gallery, it was designed by Sir John Soane, who himself showed a fine taste in funeral monuments, ornamenting his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields (now the Soane Museum inhospitable and untidily arranged) with many models of sepulchral sculpture, and, hanging in a place of honour, the original design for his family grave in the churchyard of Old St. Pancras.

Wren's epitaph, *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*, might be adapted for Sir Francis Bourgeois; still, what is even the lovely Dulwich Gallery to St. Paul's? What Sovereign Prince has a resting-place so fraught with immortality as Wren, creator of the noblest building of the modern world, at once his tomb and monument and the holy ground of all his nation? Yet even our Sir Thomas Browne, remembering old St. Paul's and all its glory, will ask: "What diuturnity is there in our ashes?"

And the warning comes from him whose skull was "knaved out of its grave" in St. Peter Mancroft in the ancient City of Norwich, even as he had foretold; it comes from him who is the threnodist of mortality, of the uncertainty of human things. Vanity in death is, above everything, most pitiable; better "the iniquity of Oblivion, blindly scattering her poppy," than Memory, with Scorn as her remembrancer.

"TRAINED" NURSES.

HOSPITAL nurses can never understand why the world at large will not greatly excite itself over the details of their training. The reason is quite simple. It is exactly the same as that which makes us indifferent to the details of a barrister's legal education. In both cases the immediate employers, namely, the doctors or the solicitors, are themselves professional men who stand between the public and incompetence. In neither case will any qualifications which can be tested by examinations or length of apprenticeship avail to ensure success in practice. The doctor in charge of an ordinary case of illness where a nurse is employed requires the nurse's obedience to his orders, but he assumes she will take most of them for granted. For that reason she is trained on a system which all doctors understand and can rely on. After that she must depend on her own aptitude and temperament. The term "fully-trained nurse" has at present no legal meaning. In the ordinary acceptance it implies a nurse who has been trained in a suitable general hospital for three years and has received its certificate. For many years past a considerable body of opinion, represented in the House of Commons by Major Chapple, has demanded the State registration of nurses. Sir Arthur Stanley's College of Nursing proposes to confer a status of its own, leaving educational matters otherwise as they are. And the great school of nursing at the London Hospital stands apart from both and is prepared to give its own certificates at the end of two years, no matter what anyone else does.

It must be remembered that a fully-trained nurse may be called on at any moment to attend a serious operation, or a case of measles in the nursery, a gynaecological complication, or the death-bed of an octogenarian. In each of these tasks she will be in charge of the air her patient breathes, the medicine administered, the food eaten and all the other conditions of the sick room, and she must know when to send for the doctor, what she must insist on and what she may concede. It certainly does not seem that three years is too long a time in which to prepare for her diverse responsibilities. Nor do we believe that that is the opinion of Lord Knutsford, who, as a keen opponent of State registration, is constantly attacked by its supporters on the ground that registration would upset his two-year apple-cart at the London Hospital. As a matter of fact, the probationer who enters at the London Hospital signs an agreement for four years, that is, for two years of training and for a further two years of service after obtaining her certificate. She is therefore under the control of the Hospital during the whole period, and she is gaining experience and learning under that control for four years instead of three. If at the end of two years she is considered fit to undertake particular cases of private nursing, she may be sent out to them, and on her return she re-enters the wards. That is a very different thing to saying she is fit for any and every nursing work that may come to hand. The weak point in the arrangement appears to be the granting, at the end of two years, of the complete certificate. It seems to us that it ought to be made provisional and to apply only to work sanctioned by the Hospital until the four years' service is completed. In that case there would be no sound reason why London Hospital nurses should not, at the end of their own time, be able to comply with any condition likely to be sanctioned either under State registration or by the College of Nursing.

The contention that, because it takes three years to train a nurse completely, the training must be rigidly consecutive is in our opinion absurd, especially in such times as these. Sir Henry Burdett, whose habit it is to lay down the law and say he is "voicing" the opinion of the nation or Parliament, or whatever it may be, writes to the *Times* in this sense. But we doubt if any but the most impracticable purists will agree with him. We shall be short of doctors and short of nurses, and that means that we must abandon symmetrical ideals and accommodate ourselves to circumstances.

An elastic system which gives facilities to all women who are willing to do useful nursing work, will be necessary. There is no reason why a nurse should be more immaculate in her own line than a doctor in his. An old country practitioner is nominally qualified to do operations on the brain, but because he will not attempt them is no reason for sending him into compulsory retirement. A scheme of registration, based on a uniform standard of competence for every nurse registered, would either lower the standard or deplete the supply. But a College of Nursing, like a College of Physicians, could grade its members, and to this it will come in the end, unless every sign of the times is misleading. Different hospitals will cater for different classes of candidates. By 'all means let those who prefer to take their course on end have facilities for doing so. But those who wish to work part of their passage, as at the London Hospital, should not be discouraged. As for the partially trained nurse, she is an outcome of the war and she has certainly come to stay for some time. After all, the patient, of whom we hear little in these disputes, has an interest in the matter. He knows that half a loaf is better than no bread; and, what is more, he will have it, even though hospital experts voice the opinion of the whole universe that in default of a nurse with three years of consecutive training he had better be content to die unnursed.

MUSICAL VALUES: A MODERN VIEW.

BEFORE the war came and set back the clock, strange things were happening in the world of creative art. We had our Cubists, our modernists in music and literature, impressionists in every branch of art, and generally, a revolution in the coercion of the various media utilised by a younger generation struggling for self-expression.

The war has done much for literature. It has scrapped a lot of time-worn theories and antiquated doctrines in our social and political life, and has paved the way for a newer literature that will aim at something better than barren phraseology and the coining of pretty sentences, which in the past, by some deplorable lack of intelligence on the part of critics, placed their perpetrators in a meritorious rank to which they were not in the least entitled.

We lived in a hypocritical and superficial age in those days, and many giants were given us to reverence, whose chief claim to immortality lay in the fact that they pleased our grandfathers. Since then many of us have arrived at the dreadful conclusion that our ancestors were not all they should have been, and their sense of values, limited as they were to what existed at the time, are not applicable to the present moment.

Most of their ideals have proved flimsy and ill-founded, and quite a lot of the giants have dwindled to quite insignificant stature.

In music, this lack of perspective was particularly noticeable. The old school clung to their idols with such limpet-like tenacity that neither force nor reason could shift them. The critics, weaned on an insipid concoction of common chords and simple counterpoint, carried on the good work with feverish pen and quaking heart, and the young student had his gruel already prepared for him in the shape of Bach and Handel, and a whole lot of embroiderers, who seemed to him to be plentifully lacking in something or other, but whose faithful adherence to the rules of Harmony was unquestioned.

It should cause us no surprise then, to learn that when Beethoven—the simple, glorious, lucid Beethoven—came to lift music from the slough of despond into which it had converged, the critics came out armed at point to annihilate him. Schumann and Wagner fared no better and survived this hydra-headed monster of conventional ignorance only after years of bitter struggle and by the sheer intrinsic value of their work. Every single musician who has since had anything new to say has been roared or raved at, or received with a cold indifference which only an absolute ignorance of all that music means could engender.

In these very columns Scriabine's 'Prometheus' was thus referred to:—

"The orchestra snored, groaned and grunted in a manner that might have aptly illustrated a hippopotamus enjoying a bath. Anon there were sounds suggestive of an escape of steam, and then perky notes were shot out by a trumpet with a comic effect, and presently some despairing wails from a solo violin seemed to be answered by gibes from the pianoforte, which, with the organ, is also included in the score."

This is not criticism, it is merely abuse. It is exactly the sort of thing that was levelled at the 'Mastersingers,' that creation of transcendent melody, dubbed "caterwauling" and "dog music," which to-day is heard by the critic himself with bated breath and rapt enthusiasm. In the year 2000 A.D. the critic's progenitor of that day will listen to the work of one John Smith, setting out on his Sisyphean task, and will grow purple with rage to add fervently, "Ah, give me the pure melody of Scriabine, instead of this hideous cacophony!"

Our artistic heritage seems to have been a wealth of intolerance and a distorted sense of values. It has taken the British Public a century to discover a glimmer of the truth, and it looks as though it will take at least five centuries to arrive at the conclusion that the best music vouchsafed to a hypnotised world was written in the nineteenth century and thereafter.

The conception of music is a thing apart from the medium utilised to give it expression, and, until we realise this, we shall labour under the delusion that all the men who made pleasant succession of sounds were musicians. We can have music without sound just as easily as we can have sound without music. Is the art of Pavlova any less expressive than the tonal creations of Wagner? Has anything yet been written that can compare with Nature's own music? We do not mean the audible manifestations, but the ocean of movement on a wind-swept landscape. Until we can define music in clearer terms, until we can discriminate between mere tonal sequence and the coercion of the musical idea, we shall retain a wrong sense of values.

Bach, Handel, Rameau, Lully and the old school generally, were not musicians in the sense that Wagner, Schumann, Beethoven, Brahms and Chopin were. If technique in art is to override conception, then the musical laurels are with Prout or Helmholtz. Bach has never written anything so good as many of the compositions of our own day. It is, indeed, questionable whether song-writing has ever reached the level of excellence that it touches to-day. What has the Bach-Handel school to show in competition with Coleridge-Taylor, Landon Ronald, Elgar and a score of others? And all around us is music, as far above the best efforts of the old brigade as Wagner is above Purcell, all clogged by a mass of traditional nonsense. What of D'Indy, Ravel, Debussy, Scriabine, Schonberg? Are they no more than charlatans? Is it fated that a century shall elapse always, before we can assess musical values? Wagner is becoming popular because he has beaten the critics, and beating the critics seems to be the inevitable prelude to beating the public.

We can gain perspective only by cutting adrift from the older school of outworn ideas. Schonberg—that creature of complexity—is yet to be plumbed, and we can do so only by tolerance and inquiry. Underlying his mass of intricate cadence there lies an idea, and that idea is the soul of the thing, its permanent reality. That he gives us furiously to think is in itself sufficient to place him above the "old brigade" who were never guilty of this sin; and that, is perhaps, the reason why music suffers to-day.

The medium has been accepted as the reality, and thus the reality ceased to be necessary. Pyrotechnical displays bereft of any underlying motive have gone down as great music, and the really great things that lay beneath peculiar and unorthodox externals have still remained in a state of nebulous uncertainty.

Literature has grown apace and developed along multiple lines. From the old Saga, its branches have shot

away into channels of intellectualism—Philosophy, Psychology, Mysticism, Occultism—all pitifully denied to music at present. Every art has been abused and debased from lower motives, but of all these music has suffered beyond any of the sister arts.

Where is the literary parallel to the hideous jingle stuff that has gone and still goes forth as music proper? It is vastly harder to convince people that music is an intellectual thing than it is to persuade them that legitimate literature has an underlying motive.

So long as the primitive methods of the "old brigade" continue to prejudice the better judgment of critics, so long will progress be retarded. *Modulated sounds, be they ever so trickily arranged, if without a definite idea beneath them, are not music, and rank in the same category as a dictionary of fine words or a box of gorgeous paints—soulless, unfunctioning things that touch not our innermost selves.* The whole range of plastic material that we coerce into expression, fashion into the form to carry Reality on its wings, has no relation in itself to the thing; it sets out to materialise, and, being but the servant we employ, must deliver the message with which we charge it and not that which its own being would seem to imply. Hence the Cubists and the Impressionists, who, finding their media all too inadequate, seek to express the preconceived idea by suggestion. Whether they succeed or not gives no license for vituperative criticism. At least they are legitimate workmen, who worship the real and not the false, who believe that the only thing worth saying is that which comes from within, and that symbols and shapes and forces can be marshalled into order unthinkable, if the ends justify the means. Unfortunately the means seem to loom too largely in men's brains and the ends all too often go by unseen, unthought of.

Rules and laws, grammar and form must change commensurately with the development of the arts to which they have reference. No man who has not flagrantly and repeatedly violated musical form can ever be a great musician, because the laws as they stand place a limit upon art, and art can recognise no limits.

As we continue to find the Truth within us, so shall we translate it into Art. Music must change and evolve from its primitive nothingness into the eloquent, glorious thing it might be. Musical reputations must be relegated to the melting-pot and the pioneers given the credit that is due to them—that and no more. To speak of Bach and Wagner, Handel and Beethoven in the same breath is to display not only an ignorance of all that music signifies, but a disregard for those innate truths which little by little are over-leaping the barrier that convention and tradition have builded about them.

[We are not responsible for these rather violent opinions: but they are interesting as representing a modern, very modern, point of view.—ED. S. R.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

"A POLICY OF HOPE!!!"

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It occurs to me that I ought to explain exactly what I mean by The Union, the Whole Union, and Nothing But the Union. In so doing I do not claim to offer a solution of the Irish problem, because I believe that the Irish problem is insoluble: but I do claim that I am offering a practical suggestion, and one which will go nearer to solving the problem than any device of Home Rule, Federation, or the like.

There ought to be no Viceroy of Ireland, any more than there ever was of Scotland. The office of Lord Lieutenant is due to the fact that an arm of the sea separates Ireland from England—or rather from Wales. There may have been an excuse for continuing the Viceroyalty after the Act of Union, in the fact that Ireland is a separate island, but from the time that the Channel was bridged by steam navigation, that excuse

ceased to exist. The office of Lord Lieutenant ought to have been thenceforward declared obsolete. The time has now come when it ought to be abolished without delay. As to the Chief Secretaryship, I am disposed to call it also an obsolete office, but I am reminded that a Secretary of State for Scotland has recently been created, so I waive that topic.

Another office that might be declared obsolete is that of Lord Chancellor of Ireland. A Vice-Chancellor, holding office for life and not removable on changes of Ministry, would do all that is necessary, and would not be symbolical of Separatism. The title of Lord Chief Justice of Ireland might be also well got rid of, and indeed, all symbols of separation. Our Irish Courts of Justice might be amalgamated with those of England, by occasionally sending Irish Judges to do circuit duty on the other side of the Channel, and by calling them in aid when Judges in England had a press of work. In short, I think that all institutions, symbolical of Separatism ought to be got rid of as far as practicable. Having said this, it may surprise the reader that I should advocate a change which is actually symbolical of Separatism: but it is an "exception which proves the rule." Our machinery of Local Government is to all intents and purposes the same as that of England, County, Borough and Rural Councils, to wit. But in Great Britain the Local Councils confine their attention to local affairs, and do not take upon them to debate questions of high politics. In Ireland, on the contrary, every local assembly, down to Poor Law Boards, takes upon itself the functions of a Parliament, and passes "resolutions" (save the mark) upon questions like Conscription, Home Rule, and other matters entirely alien to the local affairs they were elected to manage. This constrains me to suggest something which may appear inconsistent, but which, on being tested, will be found quite the reverse. I venture to think that every local governing body in Ireland ought to have an Assessor, appointed by the Local Governing Board, who should have authority to *closure* every debate in such body which in the Assessor's judgment was *ultra vires*. Such action, I submit, would not be Separatist, but Unionist.

I am, sir &c.,

EDWARD STANLEY ROBERTSON, M.A., T.C.D.
15th July, 1918.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As your correspondent, Mr. E. S. Robertson, appears to be very much concerned about the accuracy of the *nom-de-plume* under which my previous communication was written, I would like to assure him that it is absolutely genuine. Owing to circumstances arising out of the war it has been necessary that I should take up my residence temporarily in Luton, but even so I fail to see why the fact that my letter was dated from Luton should "puzzle" your correspondent. If I wrote from Timbuctoo or China, it would not alter my nationality.

However, the value of the one definite argument which Mr. Robertson puts forward against my own (as to why Home Rule cannot be set up in Ireland), and, incidentally, of his opinion on Irish politics, is apparent when he admits that he is not prepared to contradict the answer which he rightly concludes, in his comment on his own argument, is the one which I have to give.

With regard to Dominion Home Rule, I would ask Mr. Robertson to remember that, whatever his individual opinion may be on the question of Compulsion, the fact remains that Compulsion can only be put into force legitimately by the will of the majority of the people. Therefore, to impose Conscription upon, say, Australia after it had been very clearly tabooed by the people, would amount to nothing more nor less than Prussianism, which half the world is professedly up in arms against to-day. But, with a nation like Ireland, which has not even a semblance of the liberties of the Dominions (although her sons have helped to develop

the latter into their present greatness in the Empire), where is the consistency in asking her to help in the fight for liberty when freedom is denied to her? Those who assure the Irish people that the object of the war is to save all peoples from Prussianism are either deluding themselves or deluding them.

Mr. Robertson concludes by asserting that the solution of the Irish question is The Union, but as he (shall I say, wisely?) leaves the matter at that it does not carry us much further.

Turning to the letter of your correspondent "X," it is evident that here the lash has stung. He accuses me of having made my exit in an explosion of wrath, but, judging by the number of words of mine which he has repeated so prominently, I think the remark could be more aptly applied to his own entrance. However, that is by the way.

In the first place "X," whilst repeating the concluding words of the second paragraph in my previous letter, does not deign to reply to the very pointed question contained in that paragraph relative to England's position at the Peace Congress. Secondly, he treats in a similar manner the comparisons which I drew on the Orange and Nationalist uprisings. And thirdly, in reply to the query of "X" with regard to my "majority," I would ask him to study the position as it is to-day, and not as it stood at the conclusion of the Convention's deliberations, or even earlier. It must be patent to him that Sinn Féin is in the ascendancy to-day as the logical outcome of the dilly-dallying with the Home Rule question by a statesmanship on this side which is bankrupt. There has always been the open road to a settlement, but, so long as the Government weakly bends to the dictates of its Carsonist masters in preference to fearlessly traversing that open road, then so long will complete unity between the two nations be exiled. I would, further, refer "X" to the many occasions this year on which Members of the House have endeavoured to get a time named for the discussion of the Irish question, but it has always been found expedient "to get on with the war." Then followed the German Plot bogey with its aftermath of wholesale arrests and internments without trial, and now, in spite of the pledges which have been given by the Government, the Home Rule question appears to have been shelved indefinitely. Will "X" tell us on what point, if any, the Government has shown any consistency in relation to Irish affairs?

With regard to the questions raised by "X" in the third paragraph of his letter. My emphatic reply is that, although the Convention was set up at the instigation of the Government, and the work of that Convention carried out harmoniously and in an atmosphere of general good-will, it failed to bring about the desired and hoped for result simply because of the inability of the Government to bring into play at the critical moment that which was to be looked for—brilliant statesmanship. It is common knowledge that the Convention—contrary to "X's" assertion that it produced nothing—reached unanimity on many points, and only needed to ultimately crown its efforts with success the diplomacy and tact which the Government unfortunately lacked.

The suggestion made by "X" in his concluding paragraph to introduce a Bill for the complete independence of Ireland, on the condition which he mentions, would, as he states, not find a single supporter; nor, might I add, would the average Englishman of to-day support it. "X" evidently overlooks the fact that England is very much in Ireland's debt. Let him study Irish history from the time of the Lord Protector; read of the repression of free speech, of the gibbetings, shootings, etc., and dwell upon the fact that millions of Irishmen were evicted from their homes or driven abroad. At the middle of the nineteenth century the Irish population stood at eight millions, and, at a normal rate of increase, it would be sixteen millions now. But it has fallen to four millions and a half. It is an exposure of a disastrous failure of government which no amount of misrepresentation can conceal. Is no reparation due to Ireland for the generations of

wrongs done to her? When "X" is thoroughly grounded in the facts, will he conscientiously repeat his suggestion?

I am, Sir, yours truly,
HIBERNIAN.

CO-OPERATIVE STORES AND THE MIDDLE-MAN.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—A correspondent in your last issue suggests that the system of Co-operative Stores trading eliminates middlemen, among whom he includes brokers. Why then do the Co-operative Wholesale Society, Limited, buy their tea, coffee and cocoa through a broker and pay him a brokerage?

After all, the Co-operative Wholesale Society, Limited, are merely middlemen inasmuch as they buy from producers and sell to retail societies, who, in turn, deal with the public.

Cases are on record where the C. W. S. has actually competed with some of the Retail Societies with the result that prices have been driven up against the public.

There are some firms who are actual producers and also retailers who employ no middleman; one of them produced and sold margarine at $\frac{1}{4}\%$ per lb. profit; no co-operative store could compete with them either in price or quality.

I agree with your correspondent that co-operative stores are niggardly so far as payment to the rank and file of their employees goes. In fact, there is a trade union of Co-operative Employees which was brought into being to prevent sweating. When I was last in Manchester there was a strike of Co-operative Stores employees and I was interested to see "pickets" posted outside the various stores of which I was told about 100 were closed in one particular district.

However, those whom I have described as the inner circle or mandarins of the movement take very good care to look after themselves. From the annual accounts of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, Limited, the sum for "Salaries, &c.," runs up to nearly £300,000. Any working man who may happen to read this may be a little surprised to learn that four of the "heads" account for £32,000 between them. £8,000 a year each! Not a bad little sum levied on the working man's food.

No wonder the poorer classes are finding co-operative prices too high; it is only the "dividend" which prevents the higher prices being more palpable and deludes people into dealing with these stores.

Incidentally the Government has not, as your correspondent insinuates, discarded the services of produce brokers; nearly the whole of them are now employed by the Government as advisers in the variety of articles in which, by their life-long experience, they are regarded as experts.

Yours truly,
MINCING LANE BROKER.

SOCIALISM AND LAISSEZ FAIRE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Lovell thinks that the Labour party may claim that in regard to "systematic, undeviating selfishness" it is no worse than the parties of old. To this I would reply by quoting Mr. Frederic Harrison's assertion—"which nobody can deny"—that the Labourites are the only English party which has ever existed for the single and avowed object of championing the rights of one section, and one section only, of the community. If the Labour leaders support the war, it is not from patriotism, but for what they can gain for the wage-earning class in the way of doles, bribes and concessions in return for such support. The wage-earners themselves are, if left alone, naturally as patriotic as any other class, but the fulsome flattery heaped upon them by political panders is leading them to imagine that they, and they alone, are saving the Empire. Certainly, like the other classes, they have

done nobly, but we need not forget that they had most to lose by German domination. A victorious Kaiser might have chastised English landowners, farmers, manufacturers, bankers and merchants with whips, but the scorpions he would have reserved for the wage-earners who are so full of the "Dignity of Labour" that they are apt to resent the indignity of work. Demagogues and fools talk as though the war were being waged to preserve the prosperity of the capitalist, while really it is the liberty of the working man which is being protected.

All this was obvious enough at the beginning of our difficulties with Germany four years ago, and if we had had a single Conservative statesman with a head on his shoulders, he would have pointed out that the decision was really one for the wage-earners, since it was their liberty to shirk, to strike and to syndicalise in the realm of industry, which was at stake. Instead of this, Unionist M.P.'s in a paroxysm of patriotism were willing to promise anything and everything to the working man, provided he would deign to assist in defending the country. Such servile obsequiousness could not fail to have unfortunate results—it first made the object of adulation suspicious that his flatterers were "having him on" from selfish motives of their own, and then gave him an inflated idea of his own power and importance, while this condition of suspicion and inflation gave his self-appointed leaders the opportunity of preaching the gospel of class-hatred and of pointing out that the war offered a rare opportunity for the plunder of the successful and the thrifty. The tactics of the Labour leaders are very astute and every effort is made to induce discharged sailors and soldiers to join an association in which they are duly inoculated with revolutionary ideas. The "Comrades of the Great War" movement—started a year ago as a counterblast to the Soviet propaganda—which was to bring together the brigadier-general and the bombardier on a common platform—hangs fire, while so far as is possible, every discharged man is being taught by Socialist agitators that he must get as much and do as little as may be. Such teaching spreads rapidly and in too many cases the army is becoming a school for idleness. It is, of course, much pleasanter and more seemly to employ one's own countrymen than foreigners and enemies, but, speaking as one who has had German prisoners working continuously for him in East Anglia for twelve months, and has also had some experience of soldier workers, I estimate that 10 prisoners are industrially equal to 13 or 14 of the latter. In regard to soldier labour, an officer of thirty years standing who has under him, on Government work, both soldiers and civilians, writes: "As for the so-called soldiers, I am asked by those in charge, with tears in their eyes, to take them away. We have an excellent tenant farmer who works for us and he said to me the other day, 'Oh, thank Heaven, the army has gone. I have tried men from Labour Exchanges, but three days is about their limit.' Meanwhile the wage-earners show a good deal of astuteness in private life as well as in public policy. Thus the mother of two soldiers, for whom she got allowances, sub-let part of her house for 7s. a week, although she herself only paid a rent of 5s. 6d., towards which the Government allowed her 1s. 6d. Even reckoning two shillings a week for the use of some furniture and for contingencies, this woman did handsomely, for she lived rent free and got a shilling a week to boot, while her own landlord was not allowed to raise her rent. Verily there is one law for the presumed rich and another for those presumed to be poor.

Last week I read that at a conference of the representatives of societies affiliated to the Bradford Trades and Labour Council, with a membership of 20,000, a resolution was unanimously passed recommending an application for "a 45 hours working week, five days of nine hours each, without any reduction of pay." In other words, these Labour wiseacres are out to produce prosperity by reducing production. Add to this that many thousands of aircraft workers were on strike "in sympathy" because a shop steward was not

allowed to stop work in the firm's time in order to address the workers, and we must agree that with the demoralisation of the wage-earner on one side and the danger of bankruptcy on the other our position is very serious.

Meanwhile the Navy League is demanding "the restoration of Britain to its rightful position as mistress of the seas." Really, the members of the League must be very innocent persons if they imagine that America is fighting out of pure philanthropy and is spending ten millions of pounds a day in order that Britain may be the dominant nation of the world. In the reconstruction of the map after the war it will not be what Mr. Lloyd George says, but what President Wilson does which will really matter.

Yours faithfully,
C. F. RYDER.

Scarcroft, near Leeds.

INCOME-TAX AND SUPER-TAX.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I confess I don't see the point of Mr. Durrant's letter in your last issue. You admitted in your Note the correctness of Mr. Justice Sankey's interpretation of the law; but you complained of the injustice of a man's being taxed on income which he does not receive. It may be true, it probably is, if super-tax were levied on income actually received, the basic income-tax would have to be fixed at a higher rate. But the sense of injustice would be gone, and at the same time the heaviness of the impost would be made plain to our masters, the hand-workers. For instance, the income-tax is called 6/- in the £, and super-tax is levied on the income before deduction of that amount. In reality, the income-tax plus super-tax is from 7/6d. to 10/- in the £. It would be better if that fact were known. Neither do I see how, if super-tax were only levied on actual, that is, net income, the business-man, as compared with the *rentier*, would be unjustly treated. For, of course, if the man who lives on the interest of investments is to be assessed for super-tax only on his net income, the same must apply to the man in business. His super-tax must be levied on net as distinguished from gross income, or net as distinguished from gross profits, if you prefer it. With regard to the excess profits-tax, the shareholder pays that just as much as the manufacturer, or individual owner of a business.

Yours faithfully,
SHAREHOLDER.

GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In Notes of the Week of your last issue, you allude to the fact that the erection of a Government factory, a munition works or *dépôt* utterly demoralizes the whole neighbourhood, as is the case of Chippenham. I can assure you that the case does not begin and end at Chippenham: here is Winchester where in the immediate neighbourhood there are in course of construction an aerodrome and other government works; the minimum wages appear to be £4 a week for adults and £3 a week for boys. For such wages one would expect to see feverish haste and the impossible achieved: the contrary is the case; the work is very leisurely performed and there seems every disposition on the part of those employed at the construction works to prolong the life of the goose which is laying these splendid golden eggs.

The cause of these extravagant wages being paid and the leisurely performance of the work is not far to seek. The contracts entered into by the Government are on the percentage system: that is to say that the contractors are paid so much per cent. on their purchase of materials and so much per cent. on their wages bill. Is it to be wondered at that they are taking full advantage of these terms? As far as I can see, and I have many opportunities of judging, it is a case of let them all come! there is no limit to the amount of men employed and no limit to the wages paid; the higher

the wages bill the greater the profit. It is profiteering of the grossest description, and a scandal which disgusts all honest people in this neighbourhood.

Does it not occur to you, sir, that the Government making contracts on such extraordinary terms are simply asking for it, not only asking for extravagance and the upsetting of usual and necessary business now, but for further trouble later on? Men are getting their £4, £5, or £6 per week now for light unskilled work: what will be the attitude of these men after the war when the demand for labour will be less than at the present time? To attempt to answer my question would take up too much of your valuable space. I will leave it there.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
WINTONIAN.

WOMEN AND SERVANTS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Many gentlewomen, no longer able to afford the extravagant wages, or countenance the still more extravagant manners of their domestic servants, are being driven to their own "dish washing and floor scrubbing," while in many cases their daughters are voluntarily performing these offices for "the disabled husbands and brothers" of these notoriously "splendid" munition workers.

We do not doubt, that this is the thin end of a solution quite after the heart of our chattering democracy.
T. F. B.

"DIVIDE BY EIGHT."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It may not be generally known why it is possible to divide by eight on the right side of the units place in a mixed number, while multiplying by ten as usual on the left side of the units place.

The reason is that the unit can be broken up at will into any number of sub-divisions, 8, 10, 12, 16, etc., and a bunch of the number selected will always equal 1, 2 bunches 2, and so on: just as, on the integral side, a bunch of 10 units equals 1 ten, 2 such bunches 2 tens, and so on; while a bunch of 10 tens equals 100, 2 such bunches 200, and so on, right up the Denary scale of notation.

To illustrate: A factory employs so many "hands," i.e., pairs of hands as "units of labour-power." No matter whether a pair of hands carries 10 fingers, or 8, or 12; 10 or 8 or 12 fingers make one pair of hands, and two or more such bunches of fingers make two or more pairs of hands, or "hands" for factory purposes. These "hands" are then counted up in tens, hundreds, or thousands, according to the Denary scale of notation.

So also the units of money and measure, whether length, weight, volume, time, angles, temperature, or electric current, can be divided by 8, or other radix, as easily as by 10, and the unit selected can be multiplied by 10 for integral purposes as now.

Remembering that we are dealing with, say, radix 8 on the right side of mixed numbers, and using a star (*) as a substitute for the decimal point, it is possible to add, subtract, multiply, and divide such numbers without difficulty. Here are simple examples of each process:—

$$\begin{array}{r} 9 \cdot 45 \\ + 8 \cdot 67 \\ \hline = 18 \cdot 34, \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 9 \cdot 45 \\ - 8 \cdot 67 \\ \hline = 0 \cdot 56, \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 9 \cdot 45 \\ \times 8 \\ \hline = 76 \cdot 50, \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 9 \cdot 45 \\ \div 8 \cdot 67 \\ \hline = 77 \end{array}$$

The advantage of "Dividing by Eight" ought to be pellucid-plain to our friend the man-in-the-street, who practically does all his business and bargaining on Binary lines; as also to the Stock-Exchange financier, who invariably deals in Binary subdivisions of the sacro-sanct pound sterling.

Now 10 only divides *once* by 2 without a fraction. 12 divides twice by 2, though also by 3, 4, and 6, but for proper duodecimal expression, with 12 as radix, requires two new digits for 10 and 11. 8, however,

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divides *three* times by 2 without fraction, and requires no new digits. 16 divides *four* times by two, but, for complete sedecimal expression, requires 6 new digits for 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15, which might be somewhat too big a proposition for our friend-in-the-street!

The gain to education, industry, commerce, finance, and everyday life of applying Binary subdivision to the units of money and measure is so great as to be almost incalculable; and *Octaval* subdivision is as great an advance on *Decimal* subdivision, as *Decimal* subdivision is a great advance on the hopeless hotch-potch of our existing methods of barbarism and anachronism!

EUSTACE G. EDWARDS,

Major, Royal Artillery (retired).

61, Clifton Park Road, Clifton, Bristol.

16th July, 1918.

THE ARETHUSA.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As your valuable pages are read by Britons everywhere, we shall be glad if you allow us to say a word or two concerning the "Arethusa" training ship and the splendid work it is doing for the country and the Empire. Its contribution of 2,500 boys to the Royal Navy, 6,500 boys to the Mercantile Marine, and a further 2,000 from the society's country homes to the British Army's varied services should make an appeal hard to resist. If the society to which this vessel belongs, and its eight Country and London Homes are to be maintained in 1918 without a shortage of funds, it can only be accomplished by an increase of subscriptions and donations and by special gifts to the War Emergency Fund, to enable it to meet the increased cost of food and materials. Six old boys were on H.M.S. "Vindictive" in her dashing exploit at Zeebrugge, others took part in hunting down the German Warship "Emden," and in the Falkland Islands battle, as well as in the Jutland affair and other North Sea engagements. Many old boys are rendering help in the various Colonial divisions and altogether the Society presents a strong claim for assistance. The Committee plead earnestly for a generous response. All gifts will be promptly and gratefully acknowledged if sent to The National Refuges and Training Ship "Arethusa," 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY G. COPELAND, Secretary.

THE SCHOOLS AND THE HARVEST.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The managers of Elementary Schools have been asked, since the war began, to arrange the holidays so that the elder children may assist in the harvest of hay and corn.

They have done this, I believe, as far as possible, but the chief difficulty is the seven days' notice required for closing. It is obvious that during this time the weather may so change that there may be no work possible for the whole of the period—if a short one, as usually given for the hay.

If the schools could be closed at one or two days' notice it would not be a grave difficulty to the Education Department officials, and it would enable managers to take advantage of the fine weather and use the time with greater economy.

Yours faithfully,

F. W. POWELL.

THE HAVES AND THE HAVE NOTS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—With regard to the letter of your correspondent in your issue of June 15th, and his suggestion that the latter "have elected to break the party truce and bring forward all their favourite notions for the destruction of the Haves," this has met with more than one vindication already. A further one has now come to my notice which is both typical and instructive:

typical in its suggestion of generosity (of a vicarious kind) and instructive in what it omits to mention. What I refer to is a circular addressed to the Secretaries of Women's Institutes by the Hon. Secretary of the Women's Housing Sub-Committee of the Labour Party and consists of a letter signed A. D. Sanderson Furniss, and a leaflet showing a ground and upstairs plan of a semi-detached cottage (or villa) and 18 questions (with subdivisions) all suggestive of lunacy, but which also carefully omits any mention of rent, which, it states, is a question for the "Building Expert." Well, I have spent some years in studying the subject and will try to supply the omission. No scale is given, but, as some measurements are marked, the omission is easily got over by an expert. The pair of cottages are 50 feet long by 25 feet wide, they would require foundations of about 18 ins. deep, the ground floors should not be less than 6 ins. above ground level, the living rooms with not less than 8 ft. head room nor the bedrooms with less than 7 ft. up to the plate.

At pre-war prices this pair of cottages without any extravagancies would have cost £1,000, and at present rate of wages and materials not less than £1,500 (as the Labour Party will probably not favour a reduction of wages, the latter figure may perhaps be fairly taken). Then, assuming that the owner of the land happens to be a "Have" to whom no consideration is regarded as due and that the site is taken gratis, there will be the cost of levelling, laying of sewers, and mains, road-making and fencing, and some compensation to the cultivator who has to be turned out (he might be an allotment holder, and worthy of consideration), £100 per pair would not be excessive for all the above; then there are the bath fittings, hot and cold water apparatus and sanitary work, another £100; also the architect, clerk of the works, and any little extras which would certainly be not less than another £100 to be added on.

Here we have got £1,800 for a pair of country cottages: and whoever builds them the assessable rent would be at 5% or £45 on a year for each cottage i.e., 18/- a week.

The country is being impoverished by the greatest war in history and, if such dwellings are to be built by the thousand, where is the money to come from? The "speculative builder" was, of course, knocked out by the "People's Budget" of 1910.

I will not enlarge upon the points, that, but for the Rural Landowners who have been providing cottages for years at great pecuniary sacrifice (and would have provided more had the rent been forthcoming), the country would have gone out of cultivation and we should (both Haves and Have Nots) have been long ago starved out by the Germans, but, even if the initial charge is to be put upon the rates and taxes, there must be some money or credit to meet them, and the only possible way of providing the capital would be a huge War Indemnity levied on the German alliance.

I hope that the Labour Party fully realize this, but it involves winning the war "hands down" first.

Yours faithfully,

HARRY SCARLETT.

P.S.—I will try not to "frivol," but one of the questions on the face of the Plan is: "Would you like a vacuum cleaner?" I may say that I have had one for some years, but it does not appear to be over popular amongst housemaids!

H. S.

ÆSTHETICS FOR THE RICH.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have heard manufacturers aver, that it is the shop-buyers and purchasing public that stand in the way of a sound artistic ideal in applied art: and that the standard of their taste balks every attempt to replace the ornate flamboyant stuff on the market by good simple designs of equal cost. Hence the vicious circle in which we move.

O.

REVIEWS.

A YOUNG CANTAB.

Archibald Don: A Memoir. Edited by Charles Sayle. John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

THIS touching and beautiful story of the short life and death of Archibald Don reminds us of the most cruel loss which the war has inflicted on the nation, the loss of some of the best young Oxford and Cambridge men. The bright and buoyant "trustees of posterity" have been mown down by machine guns or died like flies of disease. "Archie" Don died of malarial fever at Salonika in 1916, having volunteered at the outbreak of war as an assistant surgeon in the R.A.M.C., and having afterwards taken a commission in the Black Watch. He went to Winchester, where the Head Master, Dr. Burge (now Bishop of Southwark) was clever enough to see that the boy, though like others "bewildered by the sight of any language other than his own," had great moral and mental potentiality. He was not bullied about his Greek and Latin, but encouraged to take up zoology, botany, and geology, as side-shows to his mathematics. Accordingly when Don went up to Trinity he took a first class in the Natural Sciences Tripos in 1911. Five years later, when he was steaming in a trooper from Alexandria past Mount Athos and Salamis Bay and Olympus, he admits in a letter to his mother that probably not three out of the sixty officers on board knew why or when Salamis was fought. "I know nothing of all this priceless stuff" (Sophocles, Pericles, and Thucydides) "just because I could not get on with the declension of some word meaning pepper or mustard, and had no memory for the past pluperfect subjunctive of the verb to 'punish.' There is something wrong!" Archie's genius for friendship was great, for he was one of the rare young men who could make friends of his elders; and Dr. Burge, Sir Walter Fletcher his tutor, the Master of Magdalene (Mr. A. C. Benson), and Captain Adrian, all give eloquent testimony to his loving and lovable character. But none of these older friends are such strong witnesses to his noble and gentle mind as his own letters. "In my short life I have loved the living of it chiefly because of all these friends. The loss of Bay has sored me for all that may come after." So he wrote to his mother in August, 1916, when his Winchester and Cambridge friends were falling fast around him. There is a long letter written to his father about the choice of his profession within a few days of his coming of age, which is the key to his plan of life. He had decided to become a doctor, for what he calls an obvious reason. "The whole thing pivots round the fact that I love my fellow-men. I should get bored if I were working merely for my own honour and glory—that is what Geology means. I love seeing lots of people, and hate being isolated. . . . What I do want is a work that I can put not only my mind into, but my heart too; and I see now that Geology is a science with a heart of stone, but Medicine a science every bit as much with a human heart." With all this grave altruism (a virtue, by the way, which he disclaimed) Archie Don had plenty of fun in him, as is shown by that elaborate and famous joke, the "Expressionists Exhibition." Sir Walter Fletcher tells us that Don, and Buxton, and Lister, and Tatham, and Downe, and other Cantabs, started something like a "Young England" movement in "Tabland," as Archie loved to call Cambridge. We are afraid these young men leaned strongly towards Socialism, and we are sorry to read that Don joined the Union of Democratic Control. He was in truth no soldier at heart, and loathed the war, which he called idiocy, and detested the Northcliffe press. But being a gentleman, he left the U.D.C. when he accepted a commission in the Black Watch—"I don't think, while serving in the army, I am entitled to call for peace, or even to belong to a society that is doing so," he wrote to Mr. E. D. Morel in June, 1916. Poor fellow! In a few weeks he had gained, without calling for it, the peace which passeth all understanding. We live in an inverted order: and those that should have come after us have gone before us.

THE GREAT HAPPINESS.

National Self-Government. By Ramsay Muir. Constable. 8s. 6d. net.

WHEN, somewhat late in his instructive book, Prof. Ramsay Muir comes to define the aims of self-Government, he takes refuge in rhetoric. "Its ideal," we are told, "is to put the direction of human affairs, in all societies which are linked by such unity of sentiment that mutual understanding among them is possible, under the control of the Spirit that is for ever moving on the waters of the human sea." Having recovered our breath, we seem to descry that what the Professor is driving at is the good old Benthamite tag, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," or rather, for Jeremy was an out-and-out materialist, the greatest moral happiness. An excellent notion, if faith, provided that the smaller numbers are not exterminated in the process like a struggling tradesman by a multiple store. To attain it, two qualities are requisite. In the first place, countries must be animated by a common patriotism; secondly they must be politically intelligent. Austria-Hungary, where two races, the German and the Magyar, bully the rest, has never reached self-government. Spain and Portugal have failed through lack of training, and the constitutions which Palmerston thrust down their maws have proved curses rather than blessings. What they have wanted, and still want, are philosopher kings of the eighteenth century type with Pombals and Alberonis at their elbows.

Modern Germany sits heavily on the Professor's mind, and he can see no virtue whatever in its guiding principle, an executive free from parliamentary control. It means "mere Power." Well, "mere Power" is not an unmitigated evil, if used for lawful ends. We take leave to doubt if anything could have been made out of the Germans, docile idealists as they were in 1848—they are not so now—if they had been left to their own political devices. When free democracy was tried at Frankfort it proved a lamentable failure, obsequious now to one impostor, now to another. We quite admit all that Prof. Muir sets down about the aggressiveness, the brutality, and the immorality of present-day Germany. Where we join issue with him is that he pays too much attention to autocracy, or as we should prefer to call it, strongly centralised government, at its worst and almost ignores it at its best. It is a pity that he drops the institutions of the United States in his fourth chapter, and never takes them up again. For in America, too, the line is sharply drawn between the executive and the legislature, in accordance with Montesquieu's doctrine of the "division of powers." "A dangerous doctrine," remarks Prof. Muir, and the theorist can easily demonstrate its lack of logic. Still there must have been many a true American who, during the early disasters of the Civil War, thanked Heaven that Lincoln and his Cabinet were irremovable. The independence of Congress has, no doubt, produced one evil; the "machine" with Mark Hanna as its typical god. But strong Presidents have ignored the machine, and though President Roosevelt's revolt evaporated mainly in words, it does not exist for President Wilson. We guess—why should we not guess? Chaucer did—that the American common-sense will never stoop again to a mere party hack like President Polk and some others.

Our ingenious Mr. Pone was not so far wrong, then, when he condemned fools—among whom we are far from counting Prof. Muir—to contest about forms of government, and held that the best administered was best. Bolingbroke's "Patriot King," was by no means an inept conception, though it left too much to the accidental occupant of the throne. It was preferable, at any rate, to the "Venetian oligarchy" of the Whigs, in itself a complete negative of the party system. No healthy political changes were brought about when the friends of Lord Bath and Lord Carteret took the places of Walpole's friends, or when the Duke of Newcastle followed Mr. Pelham. Lord Chatham was a meteor, who came, so far as domestic affairs were concerned, to a dismal eclipse in 1766. In the same way, the Tory ascendancy inaugurated by

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Pitt lasted too long, and the Opposition, thanks to its dabbbling with revolutionary futilities, was as ineffective as the Tories had been against Walpole and the Pelhams when they were most unfairly branded as Jacobites. The great game of ins-and-outs did not really begin until after the Reform Act, and it continued down to 1880. Some constitutional writers have held that a point of departure was made with the Franchise Act of '67, but that is a shallow view. The Conservative working man came rightly and opportunely into his inheritance, nor did his acquisition of responsibility throw Parliament out of gear. Reliant on a steady, and in the main, middle-class support, Melbourne and Russell fought Peel, Derby fought Palmerston and Disraeli fought Gladstone. It was a healthy interplay of political forces, and Mill and Walter Bagehot extolled the British Constitution as the most magnificent of human contrivances.

We are by no means so sure of our institutions now, and the decline of representative government can be studied with a certain pathological interest. In the first place came the rise of Parnell as leader of a third party with the avowed object of bringing the House of Commons into contempt. To counter him, freedom of debate was curtailed and the House was turned into a law-grinding machine. Next came the caucus, that evil invention of Birmingham, which crushed out independent members of the stamp of Lord Ashley, Roebuck and Lowe. Reduced to a delegate, the M.P. was not in politics "for his health" only, and by and by arrived the prostitution of honours to those who had greased the wheels of the caucus. Meanwhile provincial campaigns, of which the Midlothian was the first, had robbed debate of its freshness, and in the hands of the parliamentary sketch-writers reporting rapidly declined into records of Mr. Jones's pink tie and Mr. Brown's side whiskers. Would that the Speaker had descended with iron hand on the earliest of these gentry! Lastly—a point omitted by Professor Muir, who possibly does not agree with us—members accepted wages, in agreement, no doubt, with continental and colonial custom. But if there is one thing the British working classes do understand, it is the difference between master and man; the man pockets, the master pays out.

The world, however, is to be "made safe for democracy," and after the war we shall start afresh. The bi-party system having vanished, distracted Prime Ministers will have to scratch majorities together, with the additional complication produced by the feminine vote. There will presumably be a House of Lords or Senate of some sort, but not the Second Chamber that Lyndhurst, Cairns and Lord Rosebery adorned. But it looks as if Parliament will not matter much; what will matter will be the bureaucracy. We may be so simple as to think that with the repeal of "Dora" we shall recover our ancient liberties. Not a bit of it! Already the working classes are inspected from the cradle to the grave. "Mother, here comes the Sanitary!" is a familiar cry of alarm, and when the girl is leaving school, an official from the Labour Exchange tries to drag her into some pet employment. Again, let a humble burgess dare to claim abatement of income tax, and he will soon discover that the secrets of his banking account are secrets no longer. And in a world "made safe for democracy," the tendency of what we used to sneer at as Bumbledom is to increase. Shall we be in a position to despise the regimented Germans? We may become more efficient, but we shall cease to be free as our ancestors understood the word.

THREE NOVELS.

The Sheepfold. By Laurence Houseman. Duckworth. 6s. net.

MR. HOUSEMAN is nothing if not Feminist, and hence, perhaps, inclined to bear over hardly on the failings of his own sex. This is no doubt one reason why every male creature with whom his "shepherdess," Jane Sterling, is brought into contact

cuts in comparison with her a sorry figure indeed. Her kindly, simple husband and her weak-kneed but affectionate prodigal of a son are certainly pleasanter people than the two lovers of her younger days—one frankly brutal, the other a Tartuffe in grain. In like manner the crank who makes her free of his barn is superior in point of intelligence to the elder who inhibits her from preaching or the magistrate who takes her peculiar experiments in rescue work as sufficient evidence of disorderly conduct. This, however, they have all in common—the absence of any quality which could inspire respect in a strong, original nature like Jane's. Her female acquaintances, to be sure, though a few degrees better morally, do not attain a perceptibly higher mental level. And here we seem to touch the weak point of Mr. Houseman's heroine. She was distinguished, as he impresses upon us, by a truly Evangelical preference for sinners over saints. But he does not add, what is nevertheless fairly obvious, that she also preferred the company of those inferior to herself in intellect and personality. It is the usual defect of self-taught geniuses, and Jane, though she would not so have stated the case, would in conventional classification rank among the self-taught. She is, notwithstanding, a delightful character, delightfully described; the second great female preacher of fiction, and greater than Dinah Morris in that she is free from the taint of melancholy which George Eliot imparted to so many of her creations.

Her fundamental tenet—the existence of a sense of humour in the Creator—would have appealed to Charles Kingsley, and as she preached it, is doubtless a valuable corrective for the gloomier side of popular religion. Her system of a combined Eucharist and Agape, though in no way new, seems to us more open to objection. It was assuredly not a success in the Church of Corinth.

Except for her love of cleanliness, Jane bears a strong resemblance to those devotees of a bygone day whose lives were divided between missionary service and mystic communion with Nature and the spiritual forces of the universe. Her last years are voluntarily spent in a fashion which recalls the solitaires of Egypt and of many another land. But we find it hard to believe that a woman with her power of attracting affection would be left in her death so entirely alone.

We do not know if Mr. Houseman's story has a basis in fact. But whether in outline historical or wholly the work of imagination, it remains both in conception and execution an admirable achievement.

Fair Inez. By Douglas Sladen. Hutchinson. 6s. net.

THIS "prophetic picture" of Australian life during the early years of the twenty-first century is not remarkable for excessive audacity in speculation. Railways and steamers have given place to airships, and the distance to England is traversed in five days. But envelopes are still secured by licking, and the span of human life is no longer than in the experience of the Psalmist. Marriage customs and the Church's attitude in regard to them remain apparently unchanged the world over; except in Norway, which, as an aftermath of Ibsen's influence, has adopted some sufficiently adventurous innovations. Literary societies have a tremendous vogue, but literature has not advanced beyond the somewhat pathetic cult of Adam Lindsay Gordon. Classics for girls have, we gather, been abandoned, a less surprising development than the fact that they are (theoretically) retained in the education of boys. English, on the other hand, is no longer spoken in the best circles; but the dialect which replaces it has undergone surprisingly little modification during the intervening hundred years. Sport of every variety forms the principal occupation of both sexes; such work as may be done remaining unobtrusively in the background. The hero, a remote descendant of the House of Windsor, arrives incog. in Australia, and there marries, first, a sister of the fair Inez, and, secondly, that lady herself. He is then unexpectedly summoned to fill the throne of his ancestors; and the effete old

country hails with meek rapture the accession of a Queen distinguished by beauty beyond the dreams of novelists, and manners which might well pass current at Billingsgate. Owing to eccentricities of printing, arising, we are told, from paper famine, the book is difficult to read.

Life's Fitful Fever. By Kate Everest. John Richmond. 6s. net.

THE heroine of this novel is an artist inhabiting a modest studio at Chelsea, and maintaining a style of living austere frugal in the author's estimation, but by the standards of the moment approximating to luxury. The hero, a smart young Guardsman, introduces himself by stumbling against her in the streets, and afterwards sending her home in a taxi-cab. The acquaintance improved during a caravan tour, which by a remarkable coincidence brings her to the neighbourhood of his little place in the country. At this time, however, he labours under the disability—very leniently regarded both by author and heroine—of obligations contracted as co-répondent in a divorce case. But the war intervenes, and (after winning the V.C.) he is reported missing, and returns home to find the lady of the Divorce Court happily wedded to a Roumanian Prince, while the course of true love is still further smoothed by a wound which withdraws him from active service. In such fashion is the romance of war interwoven with the fiction of peace-time. But it cannot be said that the joins have been concealed in this process.

THE SERBIAN POINT OF VIEW.

Serbia's Part in the War. Vol. 1. *The Rampart against Pan-Germanism.* By Crawford Price. Simpkin. 7s. 6d. net. Macedonia. By T. R. Georgevitch. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

NIL nisi bonum now applies to allies as well as to the dead, but when Mr. Price publishes a libel on the late Queen Draga, and goes on to say that her assassination was organised by the Serbian people, he invites unpleasant rejoinders. The deed was executed by a handful of discredited ruffians—gaol-birds, bankrupts, needy lawyers, gutter journalists and drunken officers—who stifled public opinion and shocked the conscience of Europe. It will be remembered that King Edward insisted on severing diplomatic relations in consequence, and Serbia remained a pariah for years. But Mr. Price complacently presents the crime as "liberation from Austrophile despotism," and taunts Austria for regarding "the removal of Austrophile King Alexander" as "indeed an act of unpardonable insubordination." And again he says: "If the assassination of King Alexander (who was admittedly a tool of the Hapsburgs) was referred to (in the Austrian ultimatum) we are at once confronted with the postulatory theory that an interference by Serbia with Austrian propaganda on Serbian soil was an unfriendly act."

We have no objection to a correct exposition of Serbian views, or to Serbia's progress and temporary expansion under Peter Karageorgevitch being emphasised, but her mouthpiece weakens his case by assertions that are ignorant or untrue. Every student of Serbian history knows that King Alexander's isolation was due to the fact of his being the first Serbian monarch to depend neither upon Russia nor upon Austria, but solely upon the loyalty of the Serbian people. And all through his book Mr. Price is a mere mouthpiece, for he sets down only what he has been told, and he protests so much that he provokes needless incredulity. He has not been told of Serbia's second and final emancipation by Milosh Obrenovitch after Kara George had run away; he ignores the fact that Vladan Georgevitch, Milan's and Austria's puppet, fell some time before the palace plot; he imagines that Serbia was made a Kingdom by the Berlin Treaty, instead of in 1882; he attributes the Slivnitsa defeat to Milan's "corrupt régime" having caused "the fighting forces of Serbia to degenerate

into a disorganised, ill-equipped horde," whereas everyone had anticipated a mere military parade for Serbia, and the result of the battle was almost an accident, the Bulgarian ruler galloping back headlong to Sofia under the impression that all was lost; he invents Bosnian dissatisfaction, which never became apparent, even at the time of the first Balkan war; he gives a partisan version of the Agram Treason trial in 1908, and conveniently ignores the State trial at Cetinje with all its damning evidence.

"The Imperial and Royal Government cannot permit regicide to become a weapon that can be employed with impunity in political strife," the ultimatum ran. This may have been a belated pretext, but we are old-fashioned enough to regard it, apart from its authorship, as sound doctrine. Mr. Price quotes Disraeli as having said that "assassination never yet changed the history of the world," but it would seem to be doing so now. Indeed, we go so far as to say that all our present ills are largely due to the various treasons of recent years. The butchery of King Alexander and Queen Draga gave official sanction to criminal conspiracy everywhere and led to the crime of Serajevo, which provoked the wars of the worlds; the plot against Abdul Hamid removed a potent factor of international peace, for that old fox would never have consented to the follies of the Young Turks. The overthrow of the Tsar, necessary though it may have been, led to Bolshevik treachery and the loss of a powerful ally. Mr. Price, however, seems to regard butchery as a fine art, and can defend its propriety with all the philosophy of a man brought up in the shambles. For instance, after stating that the Serbs knew Austria was intent on their destruction, he fairly takes away our breath by remarking that, "while officially, and as a whole, they sought by diplomatic methods to achieve the unification of their race and an outlet to the Adriatic seaboard, some among them, more strongly imbued with the national idea, were undoubtedly carried beyond the extremes of international courtesy." Those of us who do not happen to uphold murder cannot be too grateful to Mr. Price for his generous admission that the assassination of an Archduke and his wife may really almost fail to illustrate the very pink of politeness or all the niceties of good breeding. As a propagandist, Mr. Price might have been better advised if he had said: Yes, the crime was awful, but it happened fifteen years ago; the present fighting generation were then children, and you cannot hold them responsible for the sin of their fathers.

By all means let Serbia have a propaganda, for she needs one as much as anybody. Fortunately, it is not every propaganda that has its Price as an interpreter. In his preface he acknowledges his indebtedness to the Serbian authorities, and there is internal evidence that they have inspired him with a heavy hand. Indeed, he often writes almost with a foreign accent, like a bad translator, and M. Georgevitch, the author of the other book under review, really writes the better English and has an easier style.

Both are irritating by their pedantic attempt to force a Serbian nomenclature upon towns already familiar by other names. Not content with changing a word in our language, and inducing us to say Serbia—it should really be Srbia—instead of Serbia, they now seek to impose Beograd, Skoplje, Bitolj, etc., in place of Belgrade, Uskub, Monastir, etc. They might as well refer to Firenze, Muenchen, Wien, Plovdiv, or even Magyarország when referring to Florence, Munich, Vienna, Philippopolis and Hungary. M. Georgevitch does adopt the Croatian transliteration, and is at least consistent, but Mr. Price has invented one of his own, and confuses us by departing from his own rules, writing, for instance, Sandjak and Ouzhitse.

Mr. Price has wasted priceless opportunities. He tells us that he acted as a newspaper correspondent with the Serbian army, in which case he must have met all sorts of remarkable men and beheld many strange sights, vivid incidents, glorious scenery, and

surely have experienced at least one adventure during a thrilling campaign. If so, he has kept them selfishly to himself. There is not one personal touch. The whole narrative appears to have been compiled from Blue Books by the least observant of minds, and presented to the public with a wealth of soporific detail. Sometimes there is a piteous attempt at fine writing: "Each day he was wont to sally forth from his home in Beograd to the remotest park of the capital, where, seating himself in a lonesome spot, he would build castles in the azure space." And allusion is made to "the blessings which followed the ascension of King Peter," a deification that yet remains to be seen.

M. Georgevitch is also dull, but he is a wonderful drudge, and his task has been performed in a more businesslike way. All travellers in Macedonia know the hopeless tangle of peoples, nations and languages, which even Alice in Wonderland, who loved knots, would have hesitated to attack. They recall the fact that French cooks could find no better name for a hotchpotch of sodden fruits than a *macédoine*. They remember, too, the plausible way in which each consular service triumphantly proved the immense majority of the population to be Serb or Bulgar or Greek, almost even Kutzo-Wallach. Well, in spite of the fact that he has a name of ill odour in Serbia, M. Georgevitch has ransacked every archive, history, tradition and atlas with such infinite patience that there can be no hesitation about the Serbian complexion of Macedonia, at least until the next advocate shall be heard. But we hesitate to endorse his ingenious theory that, though the Macedonian Empire was called Bulgaria in the tenth century, it was merely a title of convenience, like Holy Roman Empire. "In the German chronicles and elsewhere," he says, "the Macedonians are often called 'Bulgarii' (*Bulgario-rum*) and the Bulgars 'Bulgari' (*Bulgarorum*)," but we are not convinced that this difference has all the significance of the iota in the great Homoiousian controversy. We are quite content to dismiss history and console ourselves with the reflection that Macedonia will one day belong to Serbia, by virtue of the victories of her Allies.

AN UNFINISHED STORY.

Christianity in History. By J. Vernon Bartlet and A. J. Carlyle. Macmillan. 12s.

IS Christianity independent of its history and origins? Drs. Bartlet and Carlyle hold that the religious insight of faith can disentangle religion from its original historical relations of space and time and re-embodiment in fresh forms. "All the forms of its life were provisional and temporary." Essentially it is just the universal up-looking attitude of the filial spirit, best exemplified in Jesus Christ, towards God. Still they devote the bulk of their treatise to a close scrutiny of the New Testament writings. They infer that "the essence of Christianity is Christ," that it is Christocentric, a surrender of human wills to His will, not conformity to a set of general laws like the Mosaic code, not a mere matter of duty to society, not impersonal. Virtue, in St. Austin's noble phrase, is "*ordo amoris*," an inward passion of love and fealty to the Captain of man's salvation. Deism ignored all allegiance to a Person, and its opposite, Immanentism, substitutes for personality a mere living chain of law; whereas Discipleship believes not only with Christ but in Christ, and *pace* Lessing, the "religion of Christ" means not simply the religion which He lived, but that in which He is the object of worship. Righteousness in St. Paul is not just-right living, but a right relation to God, the Judge of all. All of which, doubtless, is very undemocratic. But the Kingdom or Monarchy of God cannot possibly be republican. Self-determination is pagan philosophy, not Christian. When our authors say, then, that the Church is one of loyal souls,

rather than of creeds and dogmas, the question at once arises, and insists on being answered: Loyal to whom? And why? The answer is bound to be a creed. And the earliest extant form of Christian creed is highly dogmatic.

It need not be said that Dr. Bartlet and Dr. Carlyle bring a trained and accomplished scholarship to their task. It becomes clearer daily that Mr. Lloyd George's "good old Book" is one which demands highly expert handling. But the most scientific and fair-minded students have their strong prepossessions. The present volume starts from the Liberal-Protestant standpoint. Its view of the Sacraments is subjective and Zwinglian, a dramatic influence exerted by symbolic representations upon the moral consciousness rather than an inward and spiritual grace working mysteriously, and conveying realities of flesh and blood, which are, "verily and indeed," received for the preservation, as the English rite has it, of body as well as soul. Drs. Bartlet and Carlyle agree that the "magical" view is found in the Earliest Fathers, and has been imputed to St. Paul himself—why called here an "ex-Pharisee?"—though moral dispositions were always deemed necessary conditions for receiving the benefits of the sacrament. But this development is ascribed to the ousting of the ethical Hebraic spirit by Greek metaphysics. So that Liberal thinkers are returning to "Hebrew old clothes" after all. It is rather appealing to the gallery, however, to say that religious faith soon ceased to be a matter of personal adhesion, and became one of assent to abstract propositions. The Athanasian symbol itself twice insists that belief is adoring worship (*venerari*), and it declares that salvation depends upon "doing good."

Our authors, however, show the candour we should expect of them in many remarks; as when they observe that "Catholicism as a supernatural ecclesiastical authority" is not only "the normal tradition of the Church," but is "really more dependent on the exactitude of the New Testament records than Protestantism." The bolder modernism of our day appeals behind the New Testament indeed to the unchained human spirit. Nor does it set excessive store by the Reformation, wherein, say Drs. Bartlet and Carlyle, "the time has passed when we can assume that the whole truth or right lay upon one side," and of which the consequences were in many ways disastrous," justifiable and necessary though revolt may have been. They make some unconventional observations about the radical opposition between the mediæval spirit and arbitrary government, the essential spirit of that time being the supremacy of law, conceived as given from heaven over individual caprice. Irresponsible sway—though the accountability of rulers was not to the governed—savoured of Nimrod, not of God's deputies. An age of divine rights limited, rather than exaggerated, the authority of legitimate governance. "We are now being compelled to restore the authority of society." But the difficulty is that government no longer rests on supernatural sanctions, and why a bare numerical majority of adults should wield authoritative sway over a whole community no Socialist has yet attempted to explain.

Discussing ecclesiastical authority, our authors seem to fall into the usual mistake of confusing apostolical succession with episcopacy as a form of polity. Either ministerial commission is transmissible or at some stage or other the laity have themselves ordained. But this question of from above or from below is quite independent of the date at which Church government became everywhere definitely in form monarchical. Under the latter subject it is surely unscholarly to speak of the brethren "retaining their old full franchise," or of their presence forming a regular part of Church synods, with the suggestion that "presence" meant taking some part in the proceedings. It is also highly ambiguous to speak of the equality of the sexes in the Church being a principle integral to Christianity without explaining that this is certainly not an equality of function. Convocation, however,

bowing to the egalitarian spirit, has struck out of the new *Lectionary* the chapter (1 Cor. xi) which speaks of the man being the head of the woman and the woman the glory of the man; also of the covered and uncovered head. That brings Quakerism into the mind. Using "enthusiasm" in its earlier sense of fanaticism, Drs. Bartlet and Carlyle claim that the Friends escaped the common fate of enthusiastic types like the Anabaptist. Have they forgotten the outrageous testifyings of Fox's early disciples, such as girls walking nude through the streets of Oxford, and elsewhere?

SENTIMENT OR ECONOMICS?

Alsace and Lorraine: Past and Future. By Coleman Phillipson, LL.D. With Four Maps. Fisher Unwin. 25s. net.

TWO outstanding problems confront everyone who, even with the vaguest adumbration of the peace conference, attempts to formulate the outlining of a satisfactory settlement of all that the world is in arms for: the fate of Alsace-Lorraine and the future of the colonies either wrested, or in process of being wrested, from the German Empire. Moreover, though these two initial difficulties in the way of an understanding involve widely distinct principles, they are undeniably subject to a common factor, the curious admixture of sentiment and political economy that inspires on the one hand an obstinate insistence on the *Status quo*, on the other an equally inflexible determination to recolour the political map.

The French attitude towards the re-annexation of Alsace-Lorraine is best perhaps appreciated by those who have seen it, in even more Chauvinistic expression, in the citizens of Geneva, who are far more *intransigent* on this subject than those of Paris. Leaving aside all consideration of certain valuable assets in Lorraine, it can hardly be claimed that the provinces, any more than several of the colonies, are materially worth the blood that has been shed in their behalf; and it is one of the ironies of this sardonic struggle that we should be fighting year after year for an object which does not even rouse the same enthusiasm in all Frenchmen, and which, to the average hero in the trenches, is absolutely incomprehensible.

The rival claims to these fair territories rest on more than one basis: there is the historic claim, which each prefers from his own standpoint; the claim of race and language; the claim of natural frontiers and expediency. Commonly regarded as less than half a century old, the historic interest of the dispute really dates back to, at any rate, the reign of the Grand Monarque, and this aspect, with the rest, is succinctly put before the reader by Dr. Phillipson, whose work comes opportunely for all who desire to form an opinion of the cardinal issue between the great rivals in the west.

In any unbiassed consideration of the problem, we must bear in mind that Germany denies that such a problem exists. With a convenient loyalty to a treaty concluded in her favour, she insists on the finality of the forcible annexation of 1871 and refuses all right of discussion. On the other hand, she realises that the provinces throughout furnished the most potent reason for prolonging the war, and Kühlmann himself admitted that they were the cause of Europe being shelled into an ash heap. Moreover, apart from French rights and German wrongs, there is the claim too often overlooked, of the people themselves. The Germans claim that a plebiscite would result in an overwhelming majority in favour of remaining German, but they belie their pretended assurance of this issue by the furious work of propaganda which they have been pursuing, with the help of every village priest and schoolmaster, for months past. The right of even small nations to choose their own rulers has long been admitted in principle by civilised nations, though, in the case of Schleswig-Holstein and elsewhere, Prussia has consistently opposed it. It can scarcely be doubted by the dispassionate observer of recent events that the result of a plebiscite would go in favour of France.

Yet, even so, there are patriotic Frenchmen and Alsations who deprecate such a solution, since they regard the treaty of Frankfurt as a mere corollary of *force majeure*, deride the anomaly of Germany prating of treaties in perpetuity, and prefer that France should recover the stolen property as she lost it, by the sword.

The burning inspiration of the *Revanche* was, in its beginnings after the last war, wholly sentimental. In the years that have elapsed, with the unforeseen development of coal and iron, new factors have entered into the calculations of both parties; and the ore of Lorraine, and the coalfields of Briey and Longwy, count for more in a commercial age, not to speak of a commercial war, than the finer sentiments of a less calculating generation.

The author of this well documented work explains these mineral resources and possibilities with the aid of an intelligible sketch-map, and this chapter is of special value as a corrective of the fallacy that the fate of the provinces is to be decided purely on ethical grounds. That the inhabitants have been treated by Germany as stepchildren is common knowledge, the soldiers exposed to more than their share of hardship and danger in the field and their families unbelievably maltreated at home. It almost looks, indeed, as if Germany may be credited with intelligent anticipation of coming events that have not so far cast their shadows before, for it is a fact—though it may possibly be new to the author—that a train-load of churchbells, removed from Alsatian churches for the cannon-foundries of the Rhineland, were not long ago to be seen standing in a railway station labelled "Enemy Booty."

Having stated, in considerable detail, the German claims, on the basis of original ownership, as well as of the language and sympathies of the natives, Dr. Phillipson proceeds to a reasoned consideration of the various ways round this impasse of the war. Whereas President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George have

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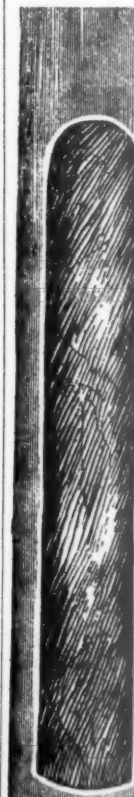
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unswervingly upheld the justice of the French claim and pledged every effort of both Allies to give it effect, the author is by no means enthusiastic in favour of out-and-out annexation, or reacquisition, by France, but sees alternative arrangements in the form of independence or autonomy. After the centrifugal example set by Russia, the world is prepared for many surprises in the sudden birth of new States. Autonomy within the German Empire would have satisfied even the extremists, and, since, in face of such acquiescence, France would not have persisted in being *plus royaliste que le roi*, it is strange that German statesmanship should not have overcome its impolite obstinacy and set the vexed question of Alsace-Lorraine at rest for all time. Less happy is the alternative of neutralising the provinces as an independent State, for, with the tragedy of Belgium before it, the world can scarcely hope much from German respect for such an arrangement the moment "necessity" should decree its termination. There remains the proposed partition, with a complex readjustment of boundaries; but this, again, would involve a prolonged antagonism and in all probability a renewal of hostilities before some who fell in this war are cold in their graves.

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THE CITY.

Judged by the requirements laid down by the Special Committee on bank amalgamations, no serious objection could be taken to the fusion of Barclay's and the London Provincial and South Western Bank. In a total of 1,350 branches not more than fifteen will need to be closed on account of overlapping, which is conclusive proof that the two institutions are complementary and not competitive. The amalgamation by Lloyds Bank of the Capital and Counties, the National Bank of Scotland and the London and River Plate Bank is a scheme of broad dimensions which is likely to find imitators in regard to its overseas connection. As regards negotiations for control of colonial institutions by English banks, a temporary halt has been caused by the refusal of Treasury sanction to the purchase for control of the National Bank of India by Lloyds Bank. The Parliamentary Committee's report made no reference to amalga-

tions of this nature, but apparently they are deemed to require Treasury sanction and it is probable that the opinion of the Colonial authorities would be consulted before sanction would be granted. In some respects amalgamations of English and British overseas banks would be advantageous, in so far as they would permit expansion of enterprise and provide additional facilities for overseas trade; but it is practically certain that if any amalgamations of this character were permitted there would be strong competition among the English banks for control of institutions with well established overseas connections.

The Cunard Company declares its income after providing a further reserve for contingent liabilities arising out of the war, and as the amount of this provision is not stated either in respect to 1917 or 1916, there is no clue to the precise amount of revenue earned. The figure given in the accounts is £3,999,917, showing a decline of £2,820,300. Working expenses were £1,598,199 lower at £2,868,597, and the profit was £1,108,926, as compared with £2,339,752. The sum placed to depreciation, however, was £1,090,546 less at £379,632, which enabled the dividend to be maintained at 10 per cent. plus 10 per cent. in War Loan. It may be assumed that Blue Book rates have curtailed profits, and as the rates have since been raised, better results may be expected for the present year. But while the Cunard figures were considered rather disappointing, there is a steady investment demand for the deferred stock of the P. and O. Co., which is regarded as the premier security on the shipping share list. This stock is "talked" to 400, though recently it was below 350. The present dividend rate is 18 per cent. free of tax, which gives a yield of nearly 5 per cent., tax free, equivalent to nearly 6½ per cent., subject to tax at 6s. in the £. Having regard to after-war prospects and the company's strong financial position, the stock is not overvalued at the present price.

Recent negotiations between the boards of Liptons and the Aerated Bread Co. did not reach a decision because the offer of the Lipton board for control of the A.B.C. was not considered sufficiently tempting; but since then A.B.C. shares have been bought up to £3, though they reacted later, and it is safe to say that the idea of amalgamation or close working agreement has not been abandoned. The Lipton business under its present management is capable of considerable expansion and an arrangement with a concern like the A.B.C., with its large number of retail depôts, would provide a very advantageous outlet for Lipton products. It may be assumed, therefore, that the last has not been heard of these proposals.

The report of the Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Co. shows a further increase in profits and increased strengthening of the financial position. Profits have risen from £318,434 to £383,835 for 1917, enabling the payment of dividends of 20 per cent. on the ordinary and 17 per cent. on the preference shares, being an increase of 5 per cent. in each case, as compared with the previous year. General reserve is increased by £100,000 to £1,100,000, and holdings of shares in subsidiary companies and patents are taken in the balance-sheet at cost price, namely, £1,498,083, although the par value of the shares is £2,697,286, exclusive of those which have no capital denomination. The carry forward is only slightly reduced from £380,106 to £376,904. The company is still suffering from the injustice of being without remuneration or compensation from the Government for the use of high power stations and other important services rendered. The ultimate payment should certainly be considerable and may be regarded as a form of contingent reserve.

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MOTOR NOTES.

Motor Hygienics.

Prior to the war motorists made use of their cars for driving into town whether for business or pleasure, but now they have to take the train and perform the journey in a more or less stuffy railway carriage, which frequently entails being exposed to dangerous microbes. On the other hand, a daily drive in the open is an absolute tonic, it supplies an abundance of fresh air under pressure, purifies the blood and increases the vitality. No doubt, if there were a little more exercise involved in the journey, the result would be even better, but anything that increases the vitality acts as a safeguard, and nothing is more effective than fresh air. In all the buildings where people congregate we are surrounded by a host of microbes, some harmless, but others most dangerous. As long as one's health is good and vitality high, the white corpuscles in the blood are quite capable of accounting for these microbes, and destroying them as quickly as they get into the system. When the vitality drops, however, the fighting power of the white corpuscles is diminished, and when this gets to a certain stage the subject is very likely to contract colds, pneumonia, or other diseases. It will be easily understood, therefore, that a means of increasing and preserving the vitality, such as the motor car, is of inestimable value to the health of the nation.

Examples.

That motoring has a marvellous effect in increasing one's vitality we have had many ample proofs. We have always noticed on tour that our passengers have developed substantial appetites as the days have passed. Not infrequently the change has been extraordinary, especially in the case of people who were used to keeping indoors, and whose appetites were normally small. At the same time, we have not noticed any in-

crease in weight, except in the case of those whose systems were run down and who were too thin. We have, however, noticed an actual decrease in those who were inclined to be stout. These facts tend to show that motoring has the effect of improving the health generally, and making motorists better calculated to resist disease. The driver has the best of it, as he gets a certain amount of exercise, both mental and physical, but even the passengers benefit considerably.

Closed Cars.

We regret to notice the growing tendency towards closed motor cars. Tourists, from a health point of view, might just as well be in a railway train—they get little or no fresh air, and if any one of the party is suffering from a bad cold or other complaint, the others are likely to catch it. Personally, from a health point of view, nothing can beat an open car, except, perhaps, in the very coldest weather, and in the case of people who are not reasonably robust. Delicate people will derive more benefit from their motoring in reasonably fine weather if they allow the air to play on their persons, always provided that they take measures to protect the chest and abdomen, so that the cold wind will not actually penetrate, and also that they avoid getting wet through.

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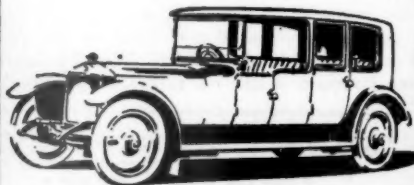
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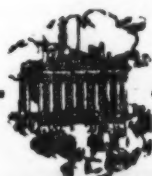
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WELSBACH LIGHT.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Welsbach Light Company, Ltd., was held on July 17th at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C. Mr. J. R. Yates (chairman of the company), in the course of his remarks, said:—Turning to the accounts, the first new item on the assets side of the balance-sheet is the Clay Ring Company's shares, £833, which we have written down from £3,130 ls. 8d. as a matter of conservative finance. The items of freeholds, leaseholds, plant, furniture, etc., have not altered to an extent calling for special comment, and they have been appropriately written down. The £966 12s. balance of consideration under the agreement of 29th September, 1916, has been received since the end of the last financial year, having been eventually paid over by the Public Trustee under the authority of the Board of Trade, thus finally closing the admirable "deal" with the D.G.A. so ably effected on our behalf by our colleague, Mr. Lock. (Applause.) The item of sundry debtors, £80,092, is, up to the extent of £18,000, reflecting the broadening of our business already referred to. Stock-in-trade represents by far the largest amount for that item during the life of the present company—an increase mainly due to the larger purchases before referred to, as well as to the higher prices payable therefor. We have increased our investments in War securities by subscribing for £15,000 Five per Cent. War Bonds, and since the close of the year have taken up £26,200 more of that security, so that in addition to £30,000 Treasury bills we have altogether £86,550 in War securities, which is, I may say, to that extent slightly understated at £71,500 on the face of the report. Cash at bankers and in hand, together with the £30,000 Treasury bills, which may be regarded as cash, bring our liquid resources far above last year's figure, and sufficing, as is believed, to meet the claims upon our funds. The item for commission on underwriting is reduced by over £2,000 by means of the discount on debenture stock purchased and redeemed. Whatever criticism might, under some conditions, be made as to this commission item, yet if regard be had to the very small amount standing in respect of goodwill, patents and trade marks, and to the relative value and volume of our business, and to the further fact that before the reconstruction in 1911 that item (goodwill, etc.) stood at over £1,000,000, any such criticism must fall to the ground, I think—indeed, I feel sure—that members have ample reason to be satisfied with the soundness of our balance-sheet. (Hear, hear.)

Turning to the debtor side, the issued share capital remains the same—£175,000—which you will agree is a very moderate amount in view of our present large business, and especially when compared with the pre-reconstruction capital. We have in hand, as you will remember, 90,000 unissued shares. The Debenture stock has been further reduced by over £10,000 by purchase and redemption during the year. The Debenture stock outstanding at 31st March last was £122,985. It will be remembered that the scheme we prepared in 1916 proposed, by application of the cash proceeds of the issue of shares received from the D.G.A., to reduce this figure to £100,000, but the Treasury compelled us as a condition of the share issue to invest the proceeds in War Loan, to be held for the duration of the war. The item "sundry creditors" is up £7,000, which, again, naturally follows from increased business.

Taking the creditor side of the profit and loss account, the trading profit is up from £40,013 to the splendid figure of £126,302, which fully reflects the expansion of business to which I have already alluded, while from B. Cars, Ltd., we get the handsome dividend of £20,027, as compared with £15,074 last year. (Applause.)

A year ago I anticipated for this company, as the leader in the British gas mantle industry, a successful future if, after the war, we were reasonably free from the dumping of cheap foreign goods. The report of the Royal Commission on Mineral Resources of the British Empire shows that before the war no less than 40 million mantles were annually imported from Germany. It is up to all of us to see that the trade is not permitted to drift back into those channels after the war. (Hear, hear.) The importance of the gas mantle was never more marked than it is to-day. With regard to the current year, while repeating the cautions thrown out on the last occasion, and especially as regards man-power and labour, I would say that business is shaping well, and with the resources which we now command I think we may fairly look for a continuance of our satisfactory course. (Applause.) I now conclude by moving:—"That the report of the directors be received and adopted, and that a dividend of 10 per cent. per annum be and is hereby declared upon the share capital of the company, such dividend to be payable, less income-tax, on 31st July, 1918."

Mr. Charles Lock seconded the resolution.

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THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Callender's Cable and Construction Company, Ltd., was held on July 11th at Hamilton House, Victoria Embankment, E.C., Sir Tom Callender, J.P. (managing director of the company), presiding in the absence, through indisposition, of Sir Fortescue Flannery.

The Secretary (Mr. Howard Foulds, F.C.I.S., Assoc.I.E.E.) read the notice and the report of the auditors.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that great difficulties had attended all engineering work during 1917, and these difficulties had affected all the operations of the company throughout the year. There had been many delays in getting goods turned out and in supplying their customers. He could only express surprise that they had been able, in these circumstances, to do a record year's work. While the amount of their output had been very great, he did not think the profit made was really commensurate with the work they had done, but they were all controlled by Government, and at times had been subjected to the heavy hand of those in authority. That had been especially the case in regard to labour. Awards had been given that had been entirely unexpected, and had applied to men and to industries to which evidently they were never originally intended to apply. In addition, awards had been dated back many months, and that had hit them very heavily in some departments. They were endeavouring to pass on these extra expenses to the Ministry, and though their claims would probably be recognised, up to the present they had found the authorities strangely diffident in regard to parting with the extra money. All the factories in which they were interested had been kept very busy throughout 1917, and the outlook for the current year was also satisfactory. As to their foreign trade, that had been greatly hampered since the beginning of the war, but he was pleased to say that they had managed to keep their connections going, and things were getting a little easier with regard to sending materials to certain parts of the world.

While they were busy at the moment, however, they all recognised that at the end of the war they would have to start again the commercial business which they had built up in the course of many years. While they were making all their arrangements to that end one point that struck him very forcibly was the difficulty under which they would labour by reason of the Government having taken from them so much of the profit which had been made. They were reduced practically to their old standard of profits, and out of the little surplus remaining they had to spend large sums on new machinery and various other appliances. Although they were in negotiation with the Government in regard to that, they could not hope to be put into the happy position when peace came of having sufficient funds in their coffers to be able to fight the enemy they certainly would have at their gate. When peace came it would be necessary for the directors of this company to approach the shareholders and ask them to approve of raising further capital. Their resources would have to be considerably increased, but he felt sure that the assistance of the shareholders would not be found wanting. From the profit and loss account it would be seen that in the net result they were about £4,000 better off than in the previous year, and it was proposed to increase the distribution on the ordinary shares to 25 per cent., of which 5 per cent. would be paid by way of bonus.

Mr. A. W. Tait, C.B.E., seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

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